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THE Lyrics of
THE GREENWOOD TREE





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ERLINTHULE,
KING ITHOL,
AND THE
LYRICS
OF
THE GREENWOOD TREE.

BY
JOHN BALDWIN FOSBROKE,
AUTHOR OF "RHEINGOLD," "THE BRIDAL OF FORTINBRAY," ETC.



London:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Legend and that which follows it, although here first published, are intended to stand as Second and Fifth in the complete order of that Series of Legends, the plan of which is set forth in the Preface of "*Rheingold*."

Of that latter Legend, a very hasty imperfect Edition was, through peculiar circumstances, hurried into publication in 1872. That Edition was suppressed by the Author, and he would acquaint his readers that the only true Edition of *Rheingold* is that which bears the date 1873.

ERLINTHULE.
A LEGEND OF FAERIE.

"Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire."
"A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM,"
Act V. Scene II.

CANTO I.

I sing the days of Lutin, Elf, and Drow,
When all the winds* were rhymed, and streams did flow
In mystic rhythms.

'Twas a province far,
Shut out by wilderness and ocean-bar,
Where stood the fragment of a strange Château,
Gabled, with forked and growling woods below ;
Its tourelled heaps fantastically piled,
Dashed ruinous up a gnarled and brawling wild.
The points and gables swung gaunt fanes on high,
Which clanged and chimed against the sheety sky,
Whilst in the sound the rooks went dismally,
About the ashy waste with crail and cry.

Alone, beneath those windy pointed Towers,
There dwelt a Maid in solitary bowers.

* Let the word *wind* be pronounced as in prose.

It was a Maid who loved her lonely plight,
And found in hermit's lot her sweet delight.

She was a rustic girl, the poor recluse,
An orphan whom the world's unloving use
Had driven thus to dwell in wilds forlorn :
And though of rude and lowly reapers born,
Yet with a gentle heart not passionless,
—Filled by the green trees with young tenderness.

In this far wilderness she had no mate,
But from her heart had chosen such estate.

Before she passed a hermit thus to be,
In this wise ran her mournful history.

Within her memory she ne'er had heard
Her mother's voice, nor had her father's stirred
About her, since a babe within his hands.

Left desolate, a child she roamed the lands,
Down every hawthorn-wild and briary deene,
Through all the mountain-hamlets lone and green,
With travel-wounded feet, in search of rest;
In search of home and love, but vain the quest.

Some fate had ordered in a strange despite,
She never should encounter human wight
Who would respond with any loving speech
To all her loving spirit did beseech.

She sought in vain for love, or food, or fire,
Until at length a churlish Wife did hire
The child to be her lowest drudge and slave.

All loathly work into her hands she gave ;
If chance upon her lips a song arose,
O'ertasked and drove her to the toil with blows.
If she did speak of love, with scourge in fist,
She strove to teach her hate, and seized afresh
A lash of hooked thongs and savage twist,
And with a sound of hell the scourges hissed
Their writhing tongues into her broken flesh.

'Twas a sequestred land of moor and lane,
 For other hirers sought the child in vain ;
 So fettered to the churlish wife she dwelt,
 And not a day but she her scourges felt.

Once only had she peace.—In Lenten days
 In times of special fast, upon her ways
 The evil Dame departed, to bow down
 Within the churches of a distant town ;
 With lying Litanies to mow and bend.
 —The child she left her dwelling-place to tend.

Then happy grew the Maid.—'Twas Winter-time.
 She knew to read, and found a Booke of Rhyme,
 With gylded pictures wrought and stories queere
 Which made her love the cracking fire to seek.

The brusque old Wind about her blew his cheer,
 Dashing his beard against her rosy cheek.

The rooks crailed to her through the smoky air
 From weedy woodlands cold ;—

beside her chair

The bluff fire bounced and bellowed, hooting high ;
 —Red-lit the Gylded Pictures to her eye,
 And with red shadows merry made the Rhyme ;
 Until the letters huge, grotesque and wry
 With mouldy blazon and fantastic grime,
 Seemed woven like the Black Boughs of a Wood
 Made red with Winter-dreams, wherein are seen
 The mad-cap Elves bedight with mask and hood,
 Singing their roundels to the frosty green.

So into dreams and fantasy she sank,
 And all the wild old tales of Winter drank
 From out the hooting fire, the rhyming book,
 The rough wind and the distant crailing rook.

She read of Erlinthule—a mystic land
 Hid lone in silent seas, upon whose strand

Dim chimes fell from the sun ;—

and there no ship

Of sailor ever touched, and no man wist
 Its secrets dark to human eye and lip.
 —So read she in the Rhyme ; then would she list
 The rooks and trailing cries of woodlands grey,
 And loved all through the ashy winter day,
 Amid those winter-*tales* and songs of Yule,
 To dream upon that mystic Erlinthule.

Still deeper yet and deeper mused her thought ;
 Until she wept to think how she could love
 One who would be to her the All she sought !
 —Then all which *he* should be, her fancy wove.—
 Within her brain she pictured forth the form
 Of Him whom she would love and made it warm
 With all the firelight of her Winter-dream !
 —A princely boy she drew, in gallant guise,
 With all the summer floating in his eyes !

All tenderness and hardihood did seem
 To blend within his form their many moods,
 His air was wavy with the blow of woods :
 With princely fortresse throbb'd his limbs, and yet
 A tender beauty all their lines beset
 With dews of love !—'Twas thus her wilding thought
 In sweet child-yearning innocently wrought.
 —Oh were he living ! could she find him,—how
 Would she hang flowers about his wavy brow !
 —Dimple with kisses his warm cheek and cling
 About his knee, and ope each hidden thing
 Of lonely love within her slumbering !
 —Look on his gallant princely-bright attire,
 Sleep in his arms and hear the great log-fire
 Singing beside them—that old Woodland Song
 Which hums in winter fires the winter long !

Into the caverns of the fire she gazed,
 And in their lines his loving image raised ;

And in the shapes which lay the coals among,
She made a thousand dreams and fancies throng,
—Here where a heap of blackened cinders stood
Above the glowing ashes, there she saw
Herself with Him beneath a great dark wood !
—Here where the coals a slanting hollow made,
She wandered with him down a red May-glade !
Thus did her lonely spirit dream and draw :
Till suddenly she started from the gleam,
And wept and moaned, remembering 'twas a dream,
And that her boy, her Prince, was nothing save
A shadow thrown from out her fancies brave !

The churlish Wife returning, with her came
The Maiden's life of drudgery and shame.
—But now, whene'er in secret she would pore
That Book of Rhyme and Gilded Legends o'er.

Henceforth she built a world within her brain
From out its grimy Letters ; and the pain
Of all her wretched life found refuge there.

She peopled it with many an image fair
Of those whom she could love but ne'er had known :
—And that bright boy, the Prince of all her Dreams,
Who from the shadows of the fire had grown,
Was ever moving there amid the gleams
Of woods and winter-hollows ! Though she knew
That such an one existed not, He grew
To be the yearning thought of all her days !
—Oft desolate, at night she woke and threw
Her lattice open to the winter haze,
Looked o'er the lonely woods, and thought of Him,
And sang wild songs unto the shadows grim.

Thus lived she long. At length the churlish Wife
With harder cunning vexed her bitter life,
Forever fiercer than in former time.

She found her poring on the Book of Rhyme,

Uptore it swiftly from the weeping child,
Burnt it with all its Gilded Dreams, and piled
The ashes on it : then anew she scourged
Her naked flesh.

So when the night was come,
The sobbing Maiden stole from out the home
Of that fell Dame.

She flight despairing urged
Into the woods ! resolved that she would die,
Since none would give her shelter, home or food,
Save her from whom she fled in agony.

Athwart the land in such bewildered mood,
Whilst yet the fragments which her pouch contained
Supported her, she fled ; until she gained
The gloomy border of a murky Sea.

A lonely Fisher found she here, and he
Was well content to bear her as he hied
To distant waters whither he must ride.

O'er oceans pale they passed, whose silent bound
Was broken only by the sea-bird's quail
Plaining beneath the sun.

Long days they wound
O'er the cool wilderness their bubbling trail :
Till through the glinting haze of one broad noon,
Loomed on their course a vast, tremendous shore,
With heights which seemed as forests of the Moon,
And mountains as the airs a mirage bore.

Its sheety crags dim-veined with silver sleep,
As if the Dews of Castalie did weep
Down its wild wells !

But black with scarrèd shade,
In pinewoods lost, the highest summits fade.

—"What land good Fisher, may this be?" she cried,
"So silent and so vast!"—

But naught replied
The lonely Fisher; he his vessel-side
Leant o'er, and spread his palm upon the sea,
And drowsed, and hummed wild music listlessly.

So many times the question from her brake;
Till from his vessel-side the Fisher spake,
And quoth, "We touch the land of Erlinthule."

Then wildly glanced the Maiden up the steep
Of sheety crags dim-veined with silver sleep!
She cried;—"I knew this land in songs of Yule,
—Good Fisher 'tis thy jest!"—

He brusquely rose.
"Hie thee up yonder bank," he said, "and there,
Are fagots bound amid the brushwood-close;
Hie upward through the ferns! make speed, and bear
Hither my logs, that I may kindle fire!
Make speed! now be thy toil my labour's hire."

So upward through the ferns the Maiden sped,
Bewildered; and the fagots strove to find,
But vainly; till with slow-returning tread,
She sought again the shore;—then wave and wind
Retold her terror-full despairing cries!
—The Fisher had departed!—and her eyes
All vainly as her voice, searched after him
Through every bay and hollow, grot and brim
Of the lone mystic strand!

—Then lost she raised
Her eyes upon the scene above, and gazed
On silver wild and upward-streaming steep,
Blue grots and liquid-welling brims of sleep:
And on the huge pine-forests scarred and black,
Which on their summits scowled beneath the wrack,
Of low dull-tolling clouds dim thunder-built!

At last she inland gazed ; and distant there,
She by the sunset saw the ridges gilt.
—There seemed to her amid the golden glare,
Most refuge from her fearful solitude.

So toward it she half-conscious path pursued,
Through wilds which human foot had never known.

Wandering, she came amid the bronzed glow,
Of Autumn-twilight rich with mystic tone,
Where stood the fragment of a strange Château,
Gabled, with forked and growling woods below.

The raven on the sunken terrace sat,
In dusk of broken turrets whirled the bat.

Fearful of that which now before her lay,
But more of night amid such region cast ;
Upon the terraces she wound her way,
Where ashy branches writhen by the blast,
Clashed 'mid the crannied stones, and as she passed,
Clattered their lankness to the raven's cry.

Wondering she sped ;—her course all suddenly
Arrested her within a sighing hall,
Where oozed the gust behind pale tapestry
Which shook and struggled on the grassy wall.

Upon it, pictures of the chase, and forms
Of scowling hunters riding under storms.

Dark ruled the wind all down the brawling wood,
As looked she on that rushing hunter-brood
With rough brows tawny-blown and scowled,—at
lips
Wind-cracking horns, and in their veiny grips
Boar-griding spears.

—She slowly gazed around
On all the crumbling chamber's weedy gloam ;

—When as she turned, before her eyes she found
A smiling agèd dame, in robe of serge !—
White hair about her, bushed and soft as foam,
Blew to her feet ; within her hand a verge
Of fluted marble, with a myrtle wound.
—Sat on her wrist a bird of paradise ;
With stones and herbs inwoven was her guise,
Her hooded head-gear buds of hazel crowned.

Starting, with doubt and fear recoiled the Maid ;
—But when she heard her voice and speech essayed,
Slowly her terrors passed,—she did unveil
And to the mystic dame rehearse her tale ;
And sought to know the history of all
She looked upon, and what should now befall
Her wandering fate ?

To which no answer lent
The dame ; but made her follow her, and led
Where was a board with goodly viands spread,
With woodland cheer and summer fruits besprent.

An Ancient Woman 'twas, of book and spell,
Who did within those windy turrets dwell.

She pitied the lorn Maid, and bade her know
She hence should be her child, but would bestow
None of the secrets of the lone Château.

That night she couched her in a turret grey,
Trellised with eglantines, through which the ray
Of Autumn-twilight touched her closing eyes,
And long dark grovelands filled her sleep with sighs.

So with the woman hence her days she led,
And to her gentle will obedient sped.

That Ancient Woman there had made retreat,
The lights of Hidden Knowledge to greet.

When she was busied thus, the Maiden went,
And all the dreamy day in roaming spent.

Permitted would she wander to and fro,
Through all the gardens of the weird Château,
Save one ; and this the woman would forbid
Her steps to enter.

So she roaming, mused
With wonder on the thing which might be hid
In that forbidden garden.—But she used
Her hours of life now peaceful, e'er to brood
On his imagined form, whom she had wooed
To thin existence from the yearnings vain
Which ever filled her loving childish brain.

Now more than ever was her life possessed
With hunger after love and wild unrest,
His form was ever in her eyes, and when
She thought how here alone and hid from men,
Were he existing with her, she could love
—Oh then her tears fell silent in the grove !

Sometime she felt she would unfold her thought
With all the yearnings which her dreams had wrought,
Unto the Ancient Woman ; and implore
That she would tell her from her secret lore,
If such a being anywhere did live,
As he to whom she would existence give ?

But ever when to speak her heart she came,
There something was within the wizard Dame,
Which made her tremble ; so that she could ne'er
Unload her thought, or tell the burden there.

At length with time, it fell the Woman died.—
When dying, she did summon to her side
The Maiden ; and commanded her to know
That hence the fragment of the old Château
And all within, was hers ; would she but swear
That ever whilst she held her dwelling there,

She would remain in hermit life, and ne'er
Bring human soul her solitude to share.

The Maiden gave her vow.—Then further spake
The Ancient Woman, telling her that hence
The long forbidden Garden she did fence
With her command to enter not nor make
Her walks therein,—was hers to search and know.

But should she ever dare to ope its gate
To other human than herself, a woe,
A swift destruction would upon them wait.

Then died the Woman.—From the distant sea,
The lonely Fisher came, for it was he
Alone, had knowledge of the far retreat :
Since he it was, who by the Woman taught,
Her earthly needs within his vessel brought.

He sepulture bestowed and burial meet
Upon her.—Then departing on his ways,
He left the Maid to live her lonely days
Amid the turrets of the old Château.

At night she rose, and from a lattice high
Looked on the forked and growling woods below,
And tourelled heaps fantastically piled,
Dashed ruinous up the gnarled and brawling wild.

Then sang she to the winds full mournfully,
Whilst grimly striking with her melody,
The fanes which swung upon the gables nigh,
Made chime and clang against the sheety sky,
Until the rooks awakened, woke their cry,
And crailing in the sound, went heavily.

CANTO II.

The morrow came.—Then eager forth she bent
(When scarce the shadows of the dawn were spent,)
Her footsteps to the Garden long forbidden,
To search what mystery might there be hidden.

A verdant maze with alleys subtly knit,
She found opposed her access unto it.

But soon her path the secret ways did win.
The mouldering Gate was in a ferny lane,
Upon it seated, carved Griffins twain.

She passed that sunken Gate,—and entering in,
Discovered vast ascending grovelands grim !
— Amid them, twilight dews and ethers dim
Pattered on many an ancient fountain's brim ;
And sculptured forth, fantastic heads did grin
From out the piles of crumbled stones and leaves.

When she was come the Garden deep within,—
The shadows of a thousand Autumn-Eves
Appeared around her gathered.

— Then did grow
A wild sweet solitude upon her there !
— A wild sweet Solitude did seem to flow
From out the dews, about her temples fair !
— A wild sweet Solitude did seem to blow
From out the winds, into her whispering hair !
— Within her breath was wild sweet Solitude
Which with the motion of her breast did brood !

Deep in the ash-tree shade which o'er it fell,
— The drowsy hollow of a crystal Well,
She now espied,—which grassy odours flung.

About its mouth were pendent crystals hung.
A sleepy haze of ferns and lichens long
Around the cavern made a weedy girth.

It was an Elfin-Well,—and Faërie Song
Haunted its hollow dim.

Far down in earth,
A subterranean torrent could she hear ;
But yet the Maiden wist not she was near
The haunt of Faërie-Song.

So down she lay,
And musèd there until the night was grey,
Upon her lone, her vainly yearning life,
And His imagined form forever rife
Within her aching brain.

When suddenly,
Amid the evening-silence listened she !
— Far distant in the earthy depth, she heard
A misty Sound of singing slowly stirred,
— Mellow with grotto-tones, and low and deep !

It was a Sound which lulled her into sleep,
And filled her sleep with dreams of hidden caves,
With slumberous rush of subterranean waves.

When she awoke, still breathing was the Song,
Moving beneath the ferns and lichens long !
— Now high and near, now deep and far it grows !
Now to the summit of the Well it rose,
Making the ferns to tremble with its tones :
— Now downward, distant sank its hazy moans,
Dying in the earthy waters' stony gush,
Lost in the subterranean torrent's rush.

— Then forth again from out the dim profound,
As if refreshed by waters, it arose
More drowsed and soft, and fresh with cooling flows ;
As if the film of waves had dewed the Sound,
Making it fresh !—So 'neath that haunted ground,
Thus plunged the Song and did its murmurs lave,
Rising forever fresher from the wave !

The Maiden trembled as her ear she gave :
For there was wonder in that Music lone,
So dying, strange and mournful was the moan,
As if a human soul were in each tone !

At length her terror ceased : the Music died,
But naught to make her fearful did betide.

Only that hence amid the ash-trees grey,
As lonely here she brooded day by day,
Within the well she heard that mystic Song
Moving beneath the ferns and lichens long !

When used to the wonder she had grown,
At morn, at noon, at eve she loved to lie
Within the shadow of the hazy tone ;
As in her vacant spirit's yearning eye
She shaped the form of Him for whom her soul
Was ever aching, but for whom her dole
Was vain, since He had no existence save
The mocking substance which her fancies gave.

But such a sweet, sad comfort brought the Song
Which moved beneath the ferns and lichens long,
That since she found the crystal Elfin-Well,
She loved the more in solitude to dwell.

About the chambers of the Château lay
Weird books and papyrus, which in her day,
That Ancient Woman who bequeathed all,
Possessed throughout her life so mystical.

Full oft the Maiden searched those volumes old,
If haply she might find within them told,
The Secret of the Well ; but all in vain,
No teaching from the pages might she gain ;
For they were writ in character so dark,
That only Sages might the doctrine mark.

There was a joy the Maiden yearned to know ;
A joy which Night had power to bestow,
But which she hitherto had granted ne'er.
—It was to meet in dreams and wander there
With Him, her bright imagined One ! and live
In dreams, the Life which day might never give !

This craving ever in her spirit deep ;
One hazy summer-night she sought her sleep.

Hushed on her pillow, in her chamber high,
With innocent and childish agony
To lay her head upon his breast,—she wept,
—Until amidst her lonely tears she slept.

—Then came a Dream !—She was in solitude
Upon the border of a Forest green.

The Oaks were quaintly bossed and richly rude.
Sweet luting tones fled subtle in the air.

Oh never waking eye of earth had seen
The wondrous Light which lit the heavens there !

It was a lonely Meadow, where she found
Herself reclining.

Sudden came a sound
Of merry hunting-horns amid the trees,
—With lordly murmur of brave melodies !

This died in mournful songs about the breeze,
Far down a slope the Forest huge beside.

She wandered o'er the Meadow lone and wide.

—There—sudden in the grass among the beams—
She found her boy—the Prince of all her Dreams—
Her one-imagined Love!—reclining there—
With winds* and wild dews murmuring in his hair!
—Bright—beautiful he lay,—in gallant guise,
With all the summer floating in his eyes!
Like Victory embodied was his form
With valour, chivalry and beauty warm!
About him lulled heroic tones were dying,
As if from out his Victor-Beauty sighing!

He smiled on her!—she wept,—and trembling
stood.

Then called by his dear voice,—she sought his breast,
And felt the sweet dews of the ethery wood
Clinging about his bosom, as she pressed
Her cheek against it!—in his arms she clung;
Dimpled with kisses his warm cheek,—and sung
Wild forest-songs around his wavy head!
—Oh the wild Life from out that moment wrung!

—Then horror,—broken there—the vision fled,—
The Dream departed,—ended was the night,—
She woke—and stared upon the morning light!

Oh fearful now her life! and she in vain
Had striven hence to bear her weary pain,
But for the sad sweet comfort which she found
Within the mystic Song whose brooding sound
Inhabited the crystal Elfin-Well.
Morn, noon and eve she harkened to its swell;
This was her only solace, this alone
Sustained her with its ever-moving tone.

* Let the word *winds* be pronounced as in prose.

Yet once,—yet twice,—the Dream returned to her,
With that same scene,—and all its wildered joy,
—The Forest huge,—the Music's sudden stir,—
The lonely Meadow, and her princely boy !

With rapture, she began to look on night
As a sure giver of her wild delight ;—
But after its third coming,—came no more
That wondrous Dream !

So, wearier than before,
She sat and wept beside the mystic Well ;
Musing if sleep would e'er again compel
The Dream from darkness ; marvelling if He
Who lived within the Dream so wondrously,
Did ever on the earth existing dwell ?

CANTO III.

To those weird books and ancient scrolls which lay
About the Château, sometime would she stray ;
Still searching o'er them, though she found it vain
To vex with wizard-page her baffled brain.

Upon a day when she around her strewed
The frowning volumes gnarled with letters crude ;
—She sudden came with glad bewildered cry,
Upon a papyrus whose blazonry
Was in the writ and language she could read !

High to a turret-casement did she speed ;
—But as she read, the rooks plained heavily,
And sheety winds wept down the streaming sky.

Terror and gladness wild within her grew,
 As swift she found the open record tell
 The history—with all that clave unto
 That Song which dwelt beneath the crystal Well,
 Amid the subterranean torrent's swell !

Thus ran the mystic chronicle it gave.

—"In the black Forests, nigh the desert Sea
 Which did around that hollow Province rave,
 —In ages of a far antiquity,
 Dwelt an all-compassing Enchanter.

He

Amid the blast and ravage of the hills,
 Went searching snaky mists and secret stones ;
 —Till over human joys and human ills,
 Over all human songs and human groans,
 He held a power most inviolate,
 Which naught in Nature's womb could dominate.

He could transform the Rock to floating Mist,
 —Change Thunder into Mountains,—blast the Moon
 With sickly winds,—coil earthquake round his wrist,
 —Or bid the tides through unknown courses swoon :
 —Or, breathing on a pipe from willows hewn,
 Through all the ether strike a wild attune,
 And cause strange Music from the Dead to come.

He knew the solitudes of heaven's dome.
 —He made far Voices call from out the Sun
 In the lone noontide.

Thus his Art had won
 All access of Nature, quelled by none.

Passions unknown to man, in him had seat.
 —Within his blood such hideous life did sleep,
 Hid worms and reptiles through his veins did creep ;
 Begotten from unearthly passions' heat,

Harmless they crept within and out his heart,
Being of him and of his life a part.

'Mid Swans he dwelt : those mystic birds alone
Were ever as his deep companions known ;
And when they sang in death, their dying tone
Inspired him with new life, by which he held
His power through five ages undisputed.

And not until an Age which distant lies,
Can those who were by his enchantment bound,
From out the thralldom of their prisons rise.

E'er since by death, it from the earth was chased,
His awful spirit hath no dwelling found,
But as an evil power roams the waste.
—Not until That be chained, can any spell
Which It achieved, be broken or effaced :
—And not until that Age to come, be traced,
Shall sink eternally his Spirit fell,
Abolished—strangled down into its hell !

A certain valiant Prince who was his foe,
Had warrèd long, his power to overthrow.

In vain was valour 'gainst his Art arrayed,
The Prince was conquered, and his captive made.

—That Prince was bright and glorious,—one of those
Who live to fill the flowers with love and make
A glory in the sunshine !

But the close
Of that dread strife which vainly sought to break
The power of the Enchanter, left him bound
A captive in the wizard's haunted ground.

His fearful will was ever to transform
His conquered foes from Life and Nature warm,
To loathly shapes, to hideous mummeries.

But when his magic did the Prince assail,
In one thing might its power not prevail :
—No venom drawn from serpent, newt or owl,
Might charm the Prince to any likeness foul ;
But into any thing of earth or air,
Which was of beauty, might he soon resolve
The being of the Prince.

He made revolve
Mysterious Winds around his form so fair.
—By their hid power, with spells and murmurs long,
His art transformed the Prince—into a Song !
And cast him thus into that rushing gloom,
Into the subterranean torrent's boom,
Which rocks its caverns 'neath the crystal well,
'Midst black earth-buried forests of the pine,
And delves through mountain's root and groaning
mine.

Into that torrent sank he 'neath the spell,
For ever there a brooding Song to dwell,
—Existing only in sweet sighs of tone !

For ever thus enchanted must he lie,
Till that far Age which is to come be shown,
Which shall the Enchanter's spirit chain eternally."—

Here ceased the record of the mystic scroll.
The Maiden ceased to read with cry of dole !
—Above her cry the rooks crailed heavily,
And sheety winds wept down the streaming sky.

Forth through the woodland-evening's shadows
brown,
She trembling sought the Garden,—sought the Well.
—The Song was moving there :—she laid her down,
And weeping, listened to its lonely swell !
—So dying, strange and mournful was the moan,
As if a human Soul were in each tone !

Still trembling with her tears, a lute she brought.
Deep in the hush of night she sat, and wrought
Sweet answers to the Song from off its strings.

As she thus answered its low murmurings,
More dying, strange and mournful grew the moan,
—A sweet full Soul throbb'd warm in every tone!
Up to the brim of the wild Well it rose
As if to kiss the lonely weeping maid!

Then downward sank with long despairing flows,
Into the subterranean torrent's shade.

That night in vision came before her eyes
The Ancient Woman,—but in form more fair
Than that in which she lived, she saw her rise.

—Thus spake she to the Maiden, through the air
Of many soft blue dreams which folded her:—

“Oh Maiden, thou in visions lonelier
Than ever hermit knew, didst fashion forth
The form of One in whom all princely worth
And love were blended!—He became the thirst
Of all thy lonely watchings, but thou durst
Never to hope he did existence hold;
Thou didst believe him only born from out
The yearnings of thy spirit.

But 'tis told
Already in thy heart though yet with doubt,
That which I come to surely tell to thee!
—Thy Prince whom in thy dream thou sawest,—is he
Who was by old enchantment's mystic Power,
Transformed into a Song! and cast within
Those Waters far beneath the ashtree-bower,
By spells whose secret mortal ne'er may win.”

—“Oh answer!”—cried the moaning stricken
Maid,

“Is there no power which may now invade
And burst the evil thralls about him laid?”

—I am content to perish,—if the Sigh
Of that sweet Song may once again become
The Form which did into its music die !”—

—“ This may not be ! ” replied the Vision, “ some
Dark mystery which is not mine to tell,
Forbiddeth that the power of any spell
Which was by that Enchanter wrought, shall break,
Until the Age far distant shall awake,
When his fell Spirit and its brethren all
Shall into deep eternal darkness fall.
—In that far Age, thou shalt united be
With thy sweet Prince !

But though no voice may free
For thousand cycles, his enchantment strange,
Be comforted,—and let thy weeping cease.
—Behold, I have a power which can change
Thereof the nature, and so far release
His soul, that all throughout thy mortal years,
His being shall be mingled into thine !
And thou shalt feel in all thy joys and fears,
His sweet soul throbbing in thy soul,—thy form
With all the pulses of his spirit warm !
—And this shall make such beauty in thee shine,
That all the world shall love thee ! thou no more
Shalt dwell alone within the wilderness,
For lo ! thou wilt a hidden power possess
Henceforth, of shedding mystic raptures o’er
All mortals who approach thee ! and ’tis mine
To make this joy, to make these wonders thine.”

Then as she wondering, listened to its sighs,
The Vision taught her certain ancient lays,
Whose rhymes were quaint with old fantastic phrase :
—Commanding her when dawn should break, to rise,
To seek the Well ;—when she should hear the Song
Moving beneath the ferns and lichens long,

To over it repeat those ancient Rhymes,
Answering its music with their misty chimes ;
For that within them lay a virtue strange,
To work the Vision's promise, and to change
The spells which bound her Prince ; until, though he
Should not to life or form restorèd be,
His being should be mingled into hers !

Amid the sudden winds and breezy stirs
Of morning, woke the Maiden.

Swift she rose,
And forth amid the dim melodious flows
Of twilight-air, she sought the Garden deep ;
And in the twilight came the Well beside.

Soon as she heard the gentle Music weep,
Her voice with trembling melody replied,
Responding with the Rhymes the Vision taught.
—Soon as the air the dreamy accents caught,—
Lo ! by their power was a wonder wrought !

The mystic virtue of those ancient lays
Transformed the Song into a Silver Haze !
No more its brooding murmur touched the ear,
But yet its beauty still was wild and clear ;
Hushed, but *embodied* in a Cloud of Dew !
Henceforth 'twas melody unto the view !

Thus to the Maid, transformèd came the Song.
Up through the weeping ferns and lichens long,
From out the Well there rose a Silver Haze,
And wove its silver light into her gaze !

All down her form it sank in droopèd beams,
And blending with her, filled her face with dreams !
—Into her eyes it slid and rested there,
—Its silver dews were braided with her hair !

Into her form with all its dews it sank,
And all her limbs their liquid beauty drank ;
Until within her eyes they subtly slept,
And drowsily through all her motions wept !
—Still gliding ethers in her glances crept !

So deeply wrought into her form and gaze,
Inwoven with her was the Silver Haze,
—Henceforth where'er she movèd thus bedight,
Her presence seemèd as a Summer Night !

No more the Song was heard within the Well ;
For thus its spirit passed in her to dwell,
Embodied in that Haze of midsummer ;
And as its dews were woven into her,
She felt amid their glidings wildly long,
As if her form were filled with Silent Song !

Then in the silence, felt she deeper still,
—That her sweet Prince was touching her, that he
With his sweet being did her being fill !
—Oh wondering stood, and wept, and trembled she.

She thrilled with tender mournful ecstasy,
Which hence for evermore about her clave.

She bade farewell to solitude ; and then
E'en as the Vision's words commandment gave,
She went her ways into the haunts of men.

To mortals she became a mystery ;
All loved her, but she hushed her history.
In every land she love and welcome found,
Such mystic raptures did she shed around.
—For hence where'er she movèd thus bedight,
Her Presence seemèd as a Summer Night !

—Her Presence filled the poet with silver dreams,
—And lit with silver beauty all the streams,

—And made a gliding splendour in the groves,
—And lulled the heart of youth with misty loves.
She loaded with sweet air the sleeper's breast.
If by her side a youth lay down to rest,—
Her Presence did his brow in silence steep,
—Threw o'er his eyes a silver summer-sleep,
—And made the lawns around him hushed and deep !

And if across a Harp her shadow fell,
Behold its chords were lit with silver light !
And gave a music like the sound of lakes
Which move and murmur in a summer night.

Thus long she lived.—And when at last she died
From out her form those mystic dewes did glide !
—They went their way upon the breeze's moan,
Far stealing backward to the Garden lone,
The Silver Haze became again a Song,
Moving beneath the ferns and lichens long :
And nevermore shall aught of human quell
The Music of the crystal Elfin-Well.

KING ITHOL.

KING ITHOL.

I.

Far in the seas of Noroway,
An ancient island-kingdom lay ;
Through ancient years of holy sway,
 There reigned King Ithol.
No purer throne shone o'er the wave,
Than that from which he judgment gave ;
With beams of love his sceptre gave
 Each northern idol.

II.

The Sagas of this goodly king,
By wisdom saved from perishing,
From out their legend-numbers sing
 A beauteous story.
No battle-day the Rune records,
It is no song of mighty swords,
Oh listen to its wondrous words
 Now told before thee.

III.

Despite the after glory cast
On every music of the Past,
Which sings of battle, wave or blast
 His valour brunted ;

When first he ruled his people o'er,
Though just, within his soul he bore
Much of the darkness evermore
By man confronted.

IV.

Inwrought with other subtle vice,
About his heart lay Avarice ;
Suspicion was the dark device
His Prudence followed.
One Virtue, Justice, shone beside,
Yet with a lustre cold, and pride
Which Love had never glorified,
But Self had hollowed.

V.

All dimly conscious of his state,
The thoughts he strove to satiate
With stubborn Justice,—but a weight
Of terror chilled him.
For Justice not alone must learn
To beam with Truth, but more—to burn
With Love !—He felt to vaguely yearn,
And darkness filled him.

VI.

A year of rule he had achieved,
And ever unto Justice cleaved ;
But yet had not the crown received,
Or oath accorded.
For in that Isle the law was dear,
That every king should reign a year,
Before the hands of priest or seer
The crown awarded.

VII.

Beneath a northern summer's day,
Within that Isle of Noroway,
The Jarls were met with harp and lay
 From many a nation :
Within King Ithol's palace-shade,
The venerable priests arrayed,
To hold with sacrifice displayed,
 His consecration.

VIII.

Before the kneeling monarch stands
The holy Seer,—between his hands,
The diadem whose beam commands
 The seas around them.
When suddenly before their eyes,
The monarch backward shrinks and cries ;
—" Arrest thy hand ! "—the nobles rise,
 His words confound them.

IX.

The festal by the king opposed,
His book the Seer in terror closed,
The flashing diadem deposed
 Beside the altar.
Then standing forth beneath his throne,
Majestic, but with troubled tone,
The monarch's lips their burden own,
 In words that falter.

X.

" Oh all my people ! nations hear !
—It is a strange but holy fear
Which thus withholds—oh Father Seer,
 Our head from bearing

The crown which in this solemn day,
Upon our brow should rest its ray,
Your voices all with holy lay,
The festal sharing.

XI.

The winds in peaceful weary motion,
Seemed rocked to slumber by the ocean.
—The Wave was bowed in dim devotion
Before Night's Glory !
As in the shadows of my bed,
My soul by dreams and darkness led,
The misty page of Slumber read,
— Around—and o'er me.—

XII.

Behold a mighty Vision came,
Whose form no speech of earth may name,
—Of Inward Light there shone a flame
Through all my slumber !
And from those Inward Worlds which rise
When opened are the inward eyes,—
There stole a Voice which sang in sighs
Of mystic number :—

XIII.

Oh king !—no crown of ore or gold
Thy temples ever shall enfold,—
In this an high decree behold,
Ordained of Heaven !
If crown of gold by thee were borne,
That hour thy death should kingdoms mourn,
—From off thy brow by lightnings torn,
It would be riven !

XIV.

Still hold thy sceptre,—hold thy sway,
And laws and statutes justly weigh :
—But show thy people in the day
Of thine anointing,—
No crown the goodly arts of man
Have wrought, thy brow shall ever span,
Forbidden by a holy ban
Of God's appointing !

XV.

A Diadem more deeply fair,
Than any earthly art or care
May fashion for thy brows to wear,
Shall Time restore thee !
But lo ! the gift when even thine,
Shall not upon thy temples shine ;
—It shall of majesty the sign,
Be borne before thee.

XVI.

That Diadem a youth shall bear
Before thee in thy path,—but ne'er
In this existence shalt thou wear
Its mystic glory.
But when the peace of death at last
Shall make thine earthly kingdom passed,
Then shall the Diadem be cast
Oh monarch o'er thee !

XVII.

Thine inward heart hath many foes,
A fire of hell within thee glows :
—But yet despite infernal woes
Which o'er thee hover,

A year thou hast with blood unstained,
In justice o'er thy people reigned ;
—The Diadem for thee ordained,
Shall Time uncover."

XVIII.

The king was silent. Wonder stirred
Amid the Jarls and Priests who heard :
Till thus again the monarch's word
Arose in sadness :—
" Though we have held your statutes whole,
Yet have we much within our soul,
Which is not Light,—a mystic dole
Which killeth gladness.

XIX.

Perchance our restless heart alone
Did cause the vision o'er us thrown,
—"Twas but a dream the winds have blown
Away with morning ;
But from thy glances Father Seer,
We can interpret holy fear
Doth bid thee counsel to revere
The misty warning.

XX.

So,—be they Heaven's words or naught
Which to our sleeping ears were brought,
—No crown shall e'er (by human wrought,)
To us be given !
Throughout our years we will abide
To know if more therefrom betide,
And if the words which o'er us sighed,
Were words of Heaven."

XXI.

The wondering Priests their monarch gave
His sceptre only and his glaive ;
Their ancient laws the Heavens waive,
 Thus intervening.
Then homeward when the feast was o'er,
Each Jarl and chieftain sought his shore,
From Heaven ever to implore
 The Vision's meaning.

XXII.

Already old, the doubting king
Believed that no interpreting
Should ever from the vision bring
 The promised treasure.
Forthwith he sought in woman's love
For joy,—but vainly, naught could move
The deadness inward vices wove
 About his pleasure.

XXIII.

No innocence was in his heart,
To him no maiden could impart
The joys which Innocency's art
 From Nature calleth.
Those inward joys shall never fan
The heart which doubteth God and man ;
Whate'er the cynic eye may scan,
 No rapture falleth.

XXIV.

Forever in his features lay
A darkness which defied the ray
Of Love or Joy ; no summer's day
 Could thrill his glances.

Unspoken thoughts his slumber chased,
His gloomy halls alone he paced,
And he would turn away in haste
From children's dances.

XXV.

So years departed o'er the Isle.
His people felt the seasons smile ;
But neither maid nor minstrel's wile
The king could gladden.
The Scalds he from his palace drove,
And passed in lonely ways to rove,
His spirit void of peace or love,
Their songs did madden.

XXVI.

It was a day of summer-air,
A day when all the land was fair ;
Like bells amid the mazy glare,
The larks were ringing.
The sun of noon was o'er the glade :
King Ithol through the summer-shade,
Within his palace-garden strayed,
And heard their singing.

XXVII.

In hollows deep the garden sloped,
And many a gentle arbour oped,
With eglantine and ivy coped
In wreathy cluster.
Within an arbour-porch he drew,
Above his head the swallows flew,
And o'er his head the lattice threw
A shady lustre.

XXVIII.

When suddenly beside the beam
And movement of a distant stream,
He saw a sunny figure gleam,—

A boy who sported.

Lo ! all the daylight seemed to share
The beauty of his features fair !
His voice with songs of summer-air
The echos courted.

XXIX.

Beneath the birds which o'er him glanced,
The child in giddy sport advanced,
And merry with the winds he danced,

As if they bore him !

Until his swift unconscious eye
Beheld the monarch seated nigh ;
—With baffled shout and stricken cry,
He stood before him.

XXX.

His laughing form the king upraised ;
And then into his features gazed,
And sat in wonderment amazed

When he beheld them !

—He felt the evils of his heart
In thrills of mystery depart,
—From out the boy's bright features start
A Joy which quelled them !

XXXI.

His eyes were mystic—wondrous fair !
—The motion of his flossy hair
Was as the odour of the air
When day is dawning !

From out his gaze was glory thrown !
And all about his temples shone
A Beauty such as dwells upon
The sea at morning !

XXXII.

Love ne'er had touched the monarch's soul :
—But now a wonder o'er him stole !
—A Love all innocent and whole
His heart was wreathing !
A Joy—a Freshness o'er him grew,—
From out the child's fair locks there blew
A Living Freshness like unto
The soft sea breathing !

XXXIII.

" Oh whence ? " he cried, " and who art thou
Fair boy ?—thy sports and sunny brow
Have taught me things unlearned till now
From priest or omen !
Fear not to answer to thy king,—
For thy young words to him may bring
More empire than the vanquishing
Of thousand foemen ! "

XXXIV.

The monarch's tone his fears beguiled.
—" I am of Eric Jarl the child,"
Yet panting with his frolic wild,
The boy replied him.
" My father from his distant land,
This day is come to kiss thy hand
As proof he lives for thy command,
Whate'er betide him."

XXXV.

Then with him further spake the king,
Until within his ears did sing
A thousand stories following,
 The boy related ;
Of frolics over heath and fell,
And merry hidings in the dell !
—Within him felt the monarch well
 His woes abated.

XXXVI.

For as of forest, field and lake,
The boy in merry story spake,
From out his eyes that Glory brake
 Forever dawning !
From out his gaze was glory thrown,
And soft about his temples shone
A Beauty such as dwells upon
 The sea at morning !

XXXVII.

Upon his vision thought the king,
For all its deep interpreting
Within his brain was gathering
 From *That* before him.
For as the boy did by him lean,
—From out his gaze of light serene,
He felt a Diadem Unseen
 Descending o'er him !

XXXVIII.

He rose and wandered with the child
Where most the palace-garden smiled,
And they along the flowery wild
 Together rangèd.

No more the king with darkness strove,
 For all the boy's young soul of love
 Itself about the monarch wove,
 Till he was changèd.

XXXIX.

Thenceforth for ever day by day,
 He with the boy alone would stray,
 And ever broader grew the ray
 Of love which filled him.
 The darkness of his soul dispersed,
 All Nature's Wonder o'er him burst ;
 Once more the Scalds their lays rehearsed
 In tones that thrilled him.

XL.

No more inwrought with subtle vice,
 About his heart lay Avarice,
 Nor was Suspicion the device
 His Prudence found him :
 No more cold Justice shone with pride
 Which Love had never glorified,
 But Love and Justice were allied
 In all around him.

XLI.

Throughout the land the tidings rolled
 Of all which thus had taken hold
 Upon the king, and minstrels told
 The wondrous story :
 And every eye which looked upon
 That child, of Eric Jarl the son,
 Beheld that from his gaze there shone
 A mystic Glory !

XLII.

A Gaze that filled with love the soul,
 And made a broken spirit whole ;
 All living felt its wild control
 With joy and wonder !
 And to impress with love the crowd
 Of those who 'neath his sceptre bowed,
 The terrors which a king enshroud
 To cast asunder,—

XLIII.

Whene'er he issued forth to show
 His royal face to friend or foe,
 Before him went the Child,—and lo !
 With passion holy,
 His Gaze of glory looked on them
 Who thronged to kiss their monarch's hem ;
 —“ Behold King Ithol's Diadem ! ”
 They whispered lowly.

XLIV.

And spake the king to those around ;
 “ Behold, the Diadem is found,
 Which Heaven promised, and hath crowned
 Our soul with glory !
 Behold its burden ne'er shall make
 Our temples with their glory ache,
 —But as the Vision's Promise spake,
 —‘Tis borne before me ! ”

XLV.

Fulfilled had half the Vision grown,
 With half its mystic meaning shown ;
 —But uninterpret and unknown,
 With seal unbroken,

Remained the deeper half.—unread,
 With yet no light upon it shed.
 —For thus, as o'er the king it spread,
 The Dream had spoken :—

XLVI.

“ A Diadem more deeply fair,
 Than any earthly art or care
 May fashion for thy brows to wear,
 Shall Time restore thee.
 But lo ! the gift when even thine,
 Shall not upon thy temples shine ;
 —It shall of majesty the sign,
 Be borne before thee.

XLVII.

That Diadem a youth shall bear
 Before thee in thy path, but ne'er
 In this existence shalt thou wear
 Its mystic glory.
 But when the peace of death at last,
 Shall make thine earthly kingdom passed,
 Then shall the Diadem be cast
 Oh monarch o'er thee.”—

XLVIII.

These latter words were darkness still :
 But Time would surely all fulfil
 In measure with the Heaven's will,
 The king believèd.
 From him was woe for ever fled,
 No longer care within him fed,
 And that these words remained unread,
 He little grievèd.

XLIX.

Three years he reigned with holy sway :
Till many marked that day by day,
As with the boy he loved to stray,
 His features gathered
Yet more and more of those wild rays
Which shone from out the boy's deep gaze !
No more the gloom of olden days
 His features withered.

L.

At length it fell, King Ithol died.
—The rumour swiftly wandered wide,
And all the Island-people hied
 With lamentation,
To look once more upon the form
Which oft with Runic valour warm,
Had led through battle, wave and storm,
 The conquering nation.

LI.

But further tidings harkened they,
That in the very hour and day
In which the monarch passed away,
 The boy had followed.
So Prince and Jarl and Minstrel sped,
And came around the royal bed
With vacant hearts ; and martial tread
 The silence hollowed.

LII.

Within a chamber o'er a bay,
The body of King Ithol lay,
And from the sea there shone a ray
 Of beauty o'er him.

And lo ! unto the monarch near,
 The boy was hushed upon a bier,
 All flowers which unto youth are dear,
 The maidens bore him.

LIII.

Upon him lingered even now
 The Gaze and Glory of his brow,
 And many knelt with prayer and vow,
 As they beheld it.
 But when their glances did repose
 Upon the king,—a cry arose
 To all their lips,—not e'en the throes
 Of sorrow quelled it !

LIV.

For full about his forehead shone
 That wondrous Gaze which dwelt upon
 The child of Eric Jarl the son,—
 The people trembled !
 —“ Behold the Vision is fulfilled ! ”
 They cried, “ and e'en as Heaven willed.”
 And then a hush the voices stilled
 Of all assembled.

LV.

A joyful terror o'er them grew !
 —But as in awe the throng withdrew,
 There came a breeze the lattice through,
 Wild odours wreathing ;
 Above the boy's young head it flew,
 And from his waving tresses blew
 A mazy odour like unto
 The soft sea breathing !

THE LYRICS
OF
THE GREENWOOD TREE.

AS A TRIBUTE OF REVERENCE

To the Memory of

THE GREAT MUSICIAN,

FRANZ SCHUBERT,

THE LYRICS OF THE GREENWOOD TREE

ARE INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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THE LYRICS

OF THE

GREENWOOD TREE.

" Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat ?
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather ! "
"AS YOU LIKE IT,"
Act II. Scene I.

EVENING STORY.

A lonely poet, one the world ne'er knew,
Dwelt in a solitary chamber high
Above a lonely wood ; and here he drew
Amid the silence of the evening sky,
As boughs around his lattice shadowed him,
A sweet wood-story lowly wild and dim.

All vainly had he sought for ears which might
Receive the love upon its pages writ ;
So by his woodland-lattice in the night,
He sat in solitude and wept with it.
None understood, but all had scoffed on him
And his wood-story lowly wild and dim.

At last he weary turned and sought his bed.
 Long forest-visions there by him were seen :
 Deep—deep into his Dream his tears he shed,
 Until their dew did freshen all its green !
 —But on the open casement left by him,
 Lay the wood-story lowly wild and dim.

When he at dawn awoke, a stormy wind
 Had torn and dashed the pages far away ;
 Nor was it e'en his lot a leaf to find,
 Though long he wandered in the hollows grey.
 No care again to write it rose in him,
 All lonely he resought his lattice dim.

Years onward passed : within his solitude
 He kept his story only answered by
 The throb of Nature's warm heart rough and rude.
 Yet oft he broke in tears and yearned to die,
 Since no dear living voice might answer him
 Unknown, unloved beside the forest dim.

One summer-morn he sat and sighed to think
 No living voice should ever tell the meeds
 Of that Wood-Tale : when heard he from a brink
 A sound of rustic pipes whose plaining reeds
 Cried sweetly through the pendent morning-leaves,
 Waking the birds above him in the eaves.

The sounds within him roused a wandering mood.
 So forth in listless thought he hied him then,
 And wandered far into the lonely wood,
 To regions of the rocks unsought by men,

He clambered high in their recesses dim,
Where lichen-crust'd grotts surrounded him.

Now such a wondrous calm his presence bore
To all things he approached, the birds did ne'er
Before him flee, but heeded him no more
Than one of their young mates. He sudden there
Came on a nook with nests o'erpopulous,
With chatter sweet and tumult tremulous.

Such merry noise there was, he looked therein ;
—With ecstasy bewildered rose his breast !
The chirpings louder woke their mazy din,—
Embrowned and dusk with time, in every nest
There lay the olden pages lost to him—
His sweet wood-story lowly wild and dim !

That which the world disdained, the birds did seize
And carry to their nests ; around it there
They hopped and chirped amid the happy breeze,
Singing his praise to all the sunny air !
Filling with song the bowers and boskets dim
Upon the dusky pages drawn by him !

With trembling bright bewilderment he wept !
At last had living voices answer given !
Not all these years had his wild story slept
Forgotten in the winds or tempest-driven !
He trembling listened, whilst the birds did raise
Their cries of feeling, joy, and cheer and praise !

With ventured hand outstretched, at length he seeks
 To lift the loved old pages to his eye.
 —But swift they caught the pages in their beaks
 And with them flew beneath the clouds on high !
 Above the tree-tops vanished far away,
 And nevermore to him regathered they !

But evermore above the distant spires,
 Beneath the clouds and in the distant trees,
 And far amid the sunset's distant fires,
 There ever wandering with the birds, he sees
 That story lost unto the world and him,
 The sweet wood-story lowly wild and dim.

SPINNER LAY.

I sit and spin
 In the dark dark wood
 By my ancient cottage-door ;
 No sound I hear
 Save my lonely song,
 In this Autumn woodland hoar.
 The mournful wood-doves' notes keep measure
 With my spinning-lay,
 The sunset flashes o'er my wheel,
 And I am old and grey.

Oh children I knew
 In this dark dark wood ;
 To my ancient cottage-door

They came and told
Their stories old
Of the Autumn-forest lore.
As distant wood-winds move in measure
With my spinning-lay,
Their Tales come wandering in my wheel,
And I am old and grey.

Oh nights have I known
In this dark dark wood,
By my ancient cottage-door,
When brown old ale
Hummed deep in the dale,
And the Christmas-fires did roar.
As distant winter drones in measure
With my spinning-lay,
Their Roar comes rushing in my wheel,
And I am old and grey.

Oh One I knew
In this dark dark wood !
To my ancient cottage-door
The fair boy came
And sang my name
In a song of the forest hoar.
As distant wood-streams roam in measure
With my spinning-lay,
His voice comes wandering in my wheel,
And I am old and grey !

Sweet was his touch
As the hush of eve
When winds are low and mild !

Methinks that still
His touch doth fill
 This evening lowly wild !
In all the air *it* seems to dwell,—
 Amid my lonely lay,
His touch doth wander in the wind
 Amidst my tresses grey !

Oh oft we sped
Through the dark dark wood,
 To the forest-church whose tower
In the hollow lay
Of the rookland grey,
 With many a willow-bower.
The heavy branches lowly bend,
 As if through all the grove,
The presence of the gentle dead
 Did weigh them down with love !

Sweet were its walls,
Grey, cold and green,
 By the woodland-mosses grown ;
And the Pastor told
A peace as mild
 As the moss-dews from the stone.
As western evening spreads a silence
 Round my spinning-lay,
That Peace comes murmuring in my wheel,
 Though I am old and grey.

ALISON.

There is a Smile on the ocean-strand,
There Alison dwelt in the wild Cornish land.

There is a Smile in the Autumn's haze,
There Alison passed as she rose to my gaze.

There is a Smile in the brooklet's foam,
There Alison paused as she stood by my home.

There is a Smile in the altar's shade,
As Heaven beheld us, there Alison prayed.

There is a Smile in my chimney-nook,
There Alison dwelt with her wild sunny look.

There is a Smile in the crimson West,
There Alison gazed as she died on my breast.

THE DARK ROOM IN THE COTTAGE.

Alone in the brown oak-cottage,
I sit in the silence and darkness,
The room is in darkness around me.
The maiden has ended her spinning,
And gone to the field with her mother.
I sit alone in the shadows ;
Only a sound of wild bees
Comes by the brown cottage-wall.

Warm is the darkness around me,
Warm with the bees' dark humming,
And the huge clock beating measure
Slowly to their wood-music.
Dimly I see through the shadows,
Smiles of the family portraits
Looking like firelight upon me,
Out of their frames rich and drowsy.
Only a sound of wild bees
Comes by the brown cottage-wall.

Out of a dusk oaken panel,
The face of a boy looks upon me,
Beautiful, chivalrous, loving !
And in the hush of his features
Rises the flow of a brooklet,
Singing with many low voices
Songs half forgotten, within me.
Yet 'tis a brooklet whose waters
Break in a far distant country ;
Though through my heart it comes rushing
Out of his silent features,
Mute is the darkness around me ;
Only a sound of wild bees
Comes by the brown cottage-wall.

He was a boy strong and beautiful,
I was a child, and we sported
Down by that brook's hollow beating.
With all the sweet Spring-love
And passion of childhood I loved him.
Over the mossy grey hillocks
With him I sported and bounded ;
Strove with his beautiful strength

And laughed that I could not o'erthrow him !
Rolled in his arms on the greensward,
—Warm were his arms as the sunshine !
Innocent, bright as a brook
My childhood was beating around him !
And as he slept in the clover,
I filled his soft hair with blossoms ;
Waking, his merry lips kissed me
Through the wild flowers which fell o'er them.

At eve in the shadow of oak-trees,
There did his voice as I listened,
Open the lore which I loved,
The misty lore of the forest
Breathing red Autumn and Firelight.
To me so full was his voice
Of Legends and Songs of the Hill-land,
Of Legends and Autumn and Firelight,
—His Laughter to me was a Woodland—
A woodland of brown merry hollows
Through which my child-spirit went singing !

And so like young birds, my Dreams
Built their nests in his laughter !

He went forth away o'er the ocean,
And sank in the gulph of the waters.
I went o'er the world, and my Childhood
Sank into the hush of my spirit ;
But there it is dwelling for ever
With him who sank into the ocean.

And as I sit here in the silence,
Warm is the darkness around me,
Warm with love is the darkness !

The rich oak-chamber around me
Is warm with the presence and shade
Of a home whither Death shall lead me !
Hushed is the porch with its ivy,
The maiden has ended her spinning
And gone to the field with her mother ;
Only a sound of wild bees
Comes by the brown cottage-wall.

DREAM-VILLAGE.

A dream,—I had a dream
Of leaves and quiet beauty.
I was in an old green village
With him my lost loved-one.
Deep in the old green village,
I on his breast was sleeping :
Warm was all the green,
Warm as his breast beneath me.
With him I rode through the lanes,
The lanes of the ancient village ;
Nestled the birds on his breast,
Danced the sun-rings o'er them ;
Throbbd his bosom with birds,
Throbbd his bosom with sun-rings !
—Ah my Dream-Village !
Oh my lost loved-one,
Come to me oft in sleep,
That I and the birds and the sun-rings
May sleep upon thy bosom,
In that old Dream-Village.

GRETCHEN AT HER WHEEL.

Gretchen ! the lawn murmurs round thee,
Hums with a mystical murmur !
Is it from out thy wheel ?
Is it from out thy heart ?
Rises the mystical murmur ?

Gretchen ! the willow droops o'er thee,
Droops with a mystical drooping !
Is it thy beautiful head
Bending above thy wheel,
Teaches it thus to droop o'er thee ?
Teaches its mystical drooping ?

Gretchen ! the lawn sings around thee,
Sings with a mystical singing !
—Harken !—the footstep of Faust
Cometh to thee through the garden ;
Fallen leaves of the Autumn
Rustle beneath his footstep,
And the lawn murmurs around him,
Hums with a mystical murmur !
Is it from out thy wheel ?
Is it from out thy life ?
Rises the mystical murmur ?
—Farewell !—Good Night to thee Gretchen !
Oh the lawn's deep murmur !—

HUNTER'S EVENING SONG.

(From the German of Goethe.)

Through the fields I glide,
All hushed and wild !
With my weapons in my hold.
There sweeps thine Image,
Hushed and mild !
Before me down the wold,

Thou wanderest wide,
All hushed and mild,
By vale and lovèd hill ;
But ah ! my rushing
Image swift,
Alas ! thou art never still !

To me it is,
To look on thee,
As in the Moon to gaze ;
—A mystic Peace
Upon me comes,
I know not whence it strays !

THE BEAUTIFUL MILLER-MAID.

(*Die Schöne Müllerin* of Wilhelm Müller.)

[*Die Schöne Müllerin* of the exquisite German Lyric Poet Müller, is one of those collections of *Lieder* which have been so immortally set to music by Franz Schubert. I here give seven numbers of it. In translating these Lyrics, so thoroughly characteristic of the spirit of the German *Lied*, I have been as literal as possible, and have retained the exact rhythms of Müller.]

I.—THE WANDERING.

The wandering is the miller's joy,
The Wandering !
The wandering is the miller's joy,
The Wandering !
Who never loved to wander, he
Must truth ! an evil miller be.
The Wandering ! the Wandering ! the Wandering !

From the water have we learnt it, from
The Water !
From the water have we learnt it, from
The Water !
Which ever wanders night and day
Upon its wild and distant way ;
The Water ! the Water ! the Water !

The Wandering also have we seen
 In the Mill-wheels !
 The Wandering also have we seen
 In the Mill-wheels !
 They turn and hum and drone and sing,
 And evermore are wandering ;
 The Mill-wheels ! the Mill-wheels ! the Mill-wheels !

The mill-stones too, though heavy they be,
 The Mill-stones !
 The mill-stones too, though heavy they be,
 The Mill-stones !
 They laugh and jostle, troll and reel,
 And wander on with brook and wheel ;
 The Mill-stones ! the Mill-stones ! the Mill-stones !

Oh Wandering ! Wandering, passion mine !
 Oh Wandering !
 Oh ye who rest, leave me forever
 Wandering !
 To wander with the water's drone,
 With trolling wheel and humming stone,
 To Wander ! to Wander ! to Wander !

II.—WHITHER ?

I heard a brooklet rushing
 From out the rock-well near ;
 Into the valley rushing,
 So fresh and wondrous clear !

I knew not what the brook meant,
 But thought came to me so,
 That I must with my wanderer's staff
 Follow the brook below.

So downward and ever onward,
 And ever the brooklet near,
 And ever fresher rushing,
 And yet more wondrous clear.

But lies my pathway thither?
 Oh Brooklet speak! whither?—whither? speak,
 whither?
 My thoughts within thy rushing,
 Have rushed I know not whither!

What know I of this rushing?
 What rushing this may be?
 Perchance the Nixies singing
 Beneath the waves to me!

Sing on and hum, sweet comrades,
 Through moss and lichen-nook,
 And through the mill-wheels turning
 In every rushing brook.

III.—HALT.

Now a Mill see I glancing
 The elm-shade reveals,
 Through rushing and singing
 Breaks bellow of wheels!
 Ah welcome thou! welcome thou
 Sweet, sweet Mill-Song!

And the house how trusty, the lattice how green,
 And the sweet sun how true with his golden kiss !
 Ah Brooklet, loved Brook,
 Didst thou mean all this?
 Ah Brooklet, loved Brook,
 Didst thou mean all this?

IV.—THANKSGIVING TO THE BROOK.

Didst thou then mean all this*
 My rushing Friend ?
 Thy singing, thy rilling,
 Was it thus to end?

—“To the Miller-Maid come !”
 So whispered thy foam,
 So

I understood thee, I understood thee.

—“To the Miller-Maid come ! to the Miller-Maid
 come !”—

Has she then sent thee ? or didst thou surprise me ?
 This will I yet know,
 Whether she sent thee or thou didst surprise me.
 And it may be so

I pledge me, that here what I sought I have found ;
 For work did I seek, now have I enough !
 For the hands—for the heart—
 Well enough ! well enough !

* If sung to Schubert's Music, it will be better for singing purposes,
 to read the two first lines thus :—

“Was this then thy song
 My rushing Friend ?”

although the manner in which they stand above, is the literal meaning of the original.

V.—MORNING-GREETING.

Good morning beautiful Miller-Maid !
 Why drawest thou in thy little head
 As if harm were befallen ?
Art of my greeting so afraid,
 And does my glance such terror shed ?
I must away with the brook then ! I must away with
 the brook then !

Oh let me only far off stand,
 Thy lattice green mine eyes before
 In distance, distance far !
Thou flossy head by morning fanned,
 Come forth to thy trellised arbour-door,
Thou little blue morning-star, thou little blue morning-
 star.

Ye little blue eyes full with sleep,
 Like morning blue-flowers drooped with dew,
 Why shrink ye from the sunlight ?
Has night then been so warm and deep,
 The sun is blank and cold to you ?
You hide in ivy-shadow, awaiting there the still night ?

Now cast aside thy dreams so fair,
 And look from out thy lattice grey
 On God's bright singing morrow :
The fresh lark rushes in the air,
 And mounting highward, calls away
All love and care and sorrow ! all love and care and
 sorrow !

VI.—FADED FLOWERS.

Oh all you little Flowers she gave,
Ye shall lie with me within my grave.
Oh how ye look, and about me twine
As if ye knew the sorrow mine !

Ye little Flowers all, how pale and old !
Ye little Flowers all, wherefore so cold ?
Ah tears bring not the green of May,
Nor waken a dead lost love shall they.

And Spring will come and the Winter go,
And young flowers in the grasses blow ;
And all ye little Flowers she gave,
Ye shall lie with me within my grave.

But if by the tomb she should wander near,
And mind in heart that I once was dear,
Forth Flowers from my grave ! bud through the
stone !
The May is come ! the Winter gone.

VII.—CRADLE-SONG OF THE BROOK.

Oh good Peace, oh good Peace, kiss the eyelids low !
Oh good Peace, oh good Peace, kiss the eyelids low !
Wanderer, thou tired one, no further go ;
Good faith is here, thou shalt rest me near,
Till the sea shall have drunken the wild brook's flow,
Till the sea shall have drunken the wild brook's flow.

I will couch thee so cool on a bed so white,
By the window where rustles the ivy light,
By the window where rustles the ivy light :
 Hither ! hither all lullaby !
To rock and to cradle the fair boy for me,
To rock and to cradle the fair boy for me.

If a forest-horn from the greenwood call,
If a forest-horn from the greenwood call,
 It shall sweet through my rush on thy slumber fall.
Look not herein little blue-flower, child
Thou makest my slumberer's dreams so wild !
Thou makest my slumberer's dreams so wild !

Away, away, the mill-path forsake,
Away, away, the mill-path forsake,
 Miller-Maid, lest thy shadow him awake !
But throw herein thy scarf to me,
That I may cover his eyes from thee,
That I may cover his eyes from thee.

Good Night ! good night, till all things wake,
Good Night ! good night, till all things wake ;
 Sleep out thy joy, sleep out thy woe ;
The full moon mounts, the white mists flow,
And wide above us the heavens grow,
And wide above us the heavens grow.

THE RESTED LUTE.

(* Partly suggested by a German Ballad of Müller.)

My Lute upon the wall is hung,
Within a leafy garland slung.

So rest my Lute ! 'tis vain to seek
'The Song I strove to bid thee speak.

A silent Love within me lies,
Whose meaning word and tone defies.

Within the hidden depths of Tone,
There lies a silent Song unknown.

In the untrodden wilds of Sound
It sleeping lies ;—but if 'twere found,

That silent Song could open free
'The silent Love which lies in me !

* The above piece has very little in it resembling the German Ballad which suggested it, of which the following is the literal sense, whereby the reader can perceive how far I have followed it:—

" My Lute upon the wall is hung and slung within a green riband. I can sing no more, my heart is too full, I know not how I may waken it to rhymes. The all-burning sorrow of my passion I dared to breathe in joyous lays. But whilst I sang so sweetly and bravely, I could not forget my great sorrow. Ah ! how great is my burden ! no sound of earth may grasp it !—So, my loved Lute rest thou here upon the nail.—A wind touches thy strings, and a bee strikes thee with his wings.—The sound is terrible to me, it pierces me with sorrow !—Why have I left the riband hanging so low ? " &c.

But rest my Lute, it is in vain
We would seek that hidden strain.

Ha ! a Wind has touched thy strings,
Filling thee with murmurings !

I have left thee hanging low,
Winds can touch thee as they go.

Now a Bee has struck its wings
Buzzing 'mid thy drowsy strings !

Lute ! the sounds which o'er thee blow,
Make a wildness in my woe !

Wherefore have I left thee free,
Hanging bare to Wind and Bee ?

Are these sounds the hidden Song
Which I vainly sought so long ?

Song no human art could find,
Art thou found by Bee and Wind ?

Love which speechless lay in me,
Art thou told by Wind and Bee ?

SONNET TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

I saw young Romeo ;—he was dark in face,
 And clad in purple velours ; All that Night
 Doth of rich gloom and glorious depth unite,
 Looked from his form of dark luxurious grace !
 —I saw young Juliet ;—she was white in face,
 And silver-clad, and full of all that Night
 Doth of pale stars and ashy beams unite !
 These mingled, when those Lovers did embrace.
 All that is dark in Night's voluptuous shroud,
 Blended with all that is of whitest ray ;
 For he was purple-clad and olive-browed,
 She silver-clad, with brow as white as day :
 As Moonlight sunk into a Purple Cloud,
 White Juliet in dark Romeo's bosom lay.

THE DREAM.

Amidst the windy dawn of day,
 By an agony awoken,
 From my couch I leapt,—the Morn
 Had into my slumber broken,
 And a dream of Wonder deep
 It had ravished from my sleep !

In vain I strove to seize again
 That which thus the Morning stole,
 Up the treacherous beams it flew,
 Caught for ever from my soul !
 'Twas a Dream of Wonder deep,
 Torn from out my yearning sleep !

I looked unto the breaking East,
And athwart the shadows dun,
(Far from me for ever borne,
Carried captive to the Sun,)
Did my ravished Dream behold,
Fettered there in chains of gold !

The Sun went upward, with him still
He bore the ravished Dream on high ;
It through all the summer-day,
Mounted with him o'er the sky,
And the church's misty spire
By the Dream was tipped with fire !

And when along the slant of eve,
Downward to the West he fared,
Still he held the ravished Dream,
Still the Dream his journey shared,
And the slowly darkened heath
In his arms it sank beneath.

And now for evermore that Dream
Rises with him in the East,
With him walks the arch of noon ;
When the glare of noon hath ceased,
With him fades beyond the West,
Bound for ever to his breast !
And unto eternity
Neither he nor it shall rest.

THE MONKS OF ST. NINIAN.

The Night descended huge and deep,
Nor could the Monks of Ninian sleep
Because of the sound of wind and storm,
And thunders—as if the Hearts of Gods
That night were beating loud and warm !
So down to the dizzy shore they hied
To tell their beads for Mary's Grace ;
And as they sunk on bended knee,
An agèd Fisher they descried ;—
He stood, and with a maddened face
Was watching the wide wide sea.

“ Oh whither bound ? ”—for his hand they mark
Is laid on the oar of his pitching bark ;—
—“ Oh whither bound ? ” they cried, “ the sea —
The thunders and the awful Night
Will overwhelm thy bark and thee !
May the frown of God be so defied ?—
Oh prithee turn for Mary's Grace,—
Return,—so wilt thou sheltered be,
The convent stands the cliff beside ! ”—
He answered thus,—his maddened face
Still watching the wide wide sea ;—

“ In the cottage where the flowers are dead,
Dwelt my daughter and I ! ” he said ;—
“ It made the South-wind warm to blow
Through her brown hair !—and her laugh at night
Would make the embers crack and glow !

Oh sweet were the waters,—sweet the shore,
And sunny was our dwelling-place,—
And as the ocean's light " said he,
" Shot blueely to our cottage-door,
It ever seemed my Daughter's Face
Shone back from the wide wide sea !

There came a morning of wreck and blast,—
A breaking ship on our shore was cast,—
And One she loved was on the deck,—
And forth she went in her boat alone
To tear him from the howling wreck !—
—Now do ye know why the waters beam
When the rays of dawn the darkness chase?—
Why the waves are blue when the sun is free?"—
—" And *why*, old Fisher, dost thou dream?"—
—" That morn " he cried, " my Daughter's Face
Was lost in the wide wide sea !"—

Then to his oar he bent his hand
And struck his bark from the rocky strand ;
And only once he turned his head
(As his boat shot up the awful wave,)
To the cottage where the flowers were dead !
St. Ninian's Monks in horror cry ;—
" The stoutest ship would fear to brace
This night her course,—awaken thee !—
—Oh whither—whither wilt thou hie ?"—
" I go to seek my Daughter's Face
Amid the wide wide sea !"

He passed. The morning rose serene ;
Along the horizon farly seen,

Sweet floating clouds and dew did ride,
 Sweet mystery—as if a Soul
 Had faded in the distant tide !

His bark was crushed,—his spirit fled,
 Nor could the monks its passage trace,
 Though still they watched on bended knee ;
 But o'er the deep the morning spread
 And rose as if his Daughter's Face
 Were filling the wide wide sea !

COUNTY GILBERT.

(The following Ballad is supposed to be the lament of an old Huntsman.)

Solitude—Solitude reigns in the hall
 And his guests the wild Echos are met in the tower ;
 The North-wind descends upon rampart and wall
 And flaps his broad wing o'er my lady's bower !
 We issue no more in the red morning-rays
 With the hound in his leash and the hawk in her hood,
 For gone are the days—oh the long merry days
 When young County Gilbert rode forth to the wood !

Oh my Lord and his hunters for ever are fled,
 And their Songs and their Laughter lie strown on the
 gale :
 Oh their Laughter it wanders along the far night
 In the sob of the storm and the hurricane's wail !
 And their Music I hear it amid the rough hills,
 There it rides in the rush of the blast and the hail ;
 Strown afar in the wood are the Songs of the days
 When young County Gilbert rode forth to the dale !

The old village-church with its swallow-built eaves,
 Oh sweetly it smiles from its throne on the hill,
 And stands 'mid the dead like the Father of Life
 With his hands spreading over them broadly and still !

There are hearts which now slumber beneath its
 dark tower,
 Which were merry in tone as its May-blown bells
 In the days which are fled, oh the far vanished days
 When young County Gilbert rode forth to the dells !

The raven now rules where my Lord had his reign,
 The owl hoots his dirge where the minstrel was
 crowned,

And the Light of the Moon only kindles the hearth
 Where lovers with Wine's rosy signet were bound.
 For merry-cheeked maidens and merry-lipped dames
 Were wooed in the even and won in the morn
 In the days that are fled, of the Horn and the Oak,
 When young County Gilbert rode forth to the dawn !

Oh ruddy and full as a hunter's glance
 Were the jovial beams of our Christmas fire !
 And soft as the Peace of a maiden's brow
 Fell the light of the summer on turret and spire !
 For there dwelt in that home of our songs and our
 loves,

All Dames and all Songs that are lusty and rare,
 In the days of the Stag and the Horn and the Oak,
 When young County Gilbert rode forth with his Fair !

Solitude—Solitude reigns in the hall,
 And his guests the wild Echos are met in the tower ;
 The long night descends upon rampart and wall
 And waves her dark wing o'er my lady's bower.

But lay me to rest where the Black-bird's song
 Shall chant me my slumbers beneath the grey bells,
 In her Song will I sleep and there dream of the days
 When young County Gilbert rode forth to the dells !

THE WILD CHASE.*

There was a wild Maiden, a wandering Maid
 Who ever in midnight-woodlands strayed :
 And she would listen to lovers none,
 She loved but the shades of the forest dun.
 To gather dark weeds and witches' flowers,
 She would go forth in the twilight-hours.
 'Twas on the eve of Walpurgis-Night,
 She walked in the dusk of the Brocken's height.
 She strayed by the rill
 Of Rübezah's Hill,
 And cried :—" Ye lone rocks and whirlwinds
 bare,
 Oh would that a part of ye I were ! "
 Lo ! the Wild Chase in the whirlwind passed,
 And caught her away in its flight on the blast !
 White through the shrieking welkin torn,
 Forever they ride with that Maiden lorn !

The peasant cowers by the shaken wood ;
 The Wild Chase thunders down the flood !
 What streams o'er the flood so long and fair ?
 Ah me ! Ah me ! 'tis the streaming hair

* The tradition of the Wild Chase (*Die Wilde Jagd*), originating in Germany, became more or less common to all forests.

And the upthrown arms of the Lost Lost Maid
 Whom the Wild Hunters bear
 Through the midnight air,
 For ever their ghostly Chase to share !
 Bellow Wind ! Hulloo Horn ! Thunder Night ! Mur-
 mur Morn !
 White through the shrieking welkin torn,
 For ever they ride with that Maiden lorn !

The hermit ceases his chanting, pale ;
 The Wild Chase thunders down the gale !
 What music flows to the hermit's lair ?
 Ah me ! Ah me ! 'tis the singing rare
 And the whirlwind voice of the Lost Lost Maid
 Whom the Wild Hunters bear
 Through the midnight-air,
 For ever their ghostly Chase to share !
 Bellow Wind ! Hulloo Horn ! Thunder Night ! Mur-
 mur Morn !
 White through the shrieking welkin torn,
 For ever they ride with that Maiden lorn !

The poet sings to the woody swards :
 Wrought in his fantasy deep and strong,
 Hurl'd from the clouds of his wizard-song,
 The Wild Chase thunders over his chords !
 What Love is that in his bosom grows ?
 Ah me ! Ah me ! 'tis the Love which throes
 In the wildwood-heart of the Lost Lost Maid
 Whom the Wild Hunters bear
 Through the midnight-air,
 For ever their ghostly Chase to share !
 Bellow Wind ! Hulloo Horn ! Thunder Night ! Mur-
 mur Morn !
 White through the shrieking welkin torn,
 For ever they ride with that Maiden lorn !

THE ELVES AND THE SLEEPING BOY.

As the boy in the gloom
 Of the midnight around,
 All hushed in the dreams
 Of the Midsummer lay ;
 On his lips did the Elves
 Lie down for their rest,
 His lips were the couch
 Of the slumbering Fay !
 Fair Dreams the summer shed,
 And oh they slept
 In a warm repose
 Upon their breathing bed !

As the boy in the gloom
 Of the midnight around,
 All hushed in the dreams
 Of the Midsummer lay ;
 In his locks did the Elves
 Lie nestled and warm,
 His locks were the nest
 Of the Elf and the Fay !
 Fair Dreams the summer shed,
 A sweet repose
 Did their senses close,
 His locks beneath them spread.

As the boy in the dreams
 Of the Midsummer lay,
 In dimples which throbbed
 On his smiling cheek,

The Elves lay couched !
 All the summer-night
 In his dimples couched,
 Their rest they seek !
 Fair dreams the summer shed,
 A sweet repose
 Had each Elf who chose
 A dimple for his bed !

As the boy in his dream
 Of the summer lies,
 On his breath they float
 On his breath they hang !
 So subtly they moved
 And swam in his sighs,
 He sang in his sleep
 But knew not he sang !
 Sweet tones his breathing shed
 But 'twas the sound
 Of the mazy crowd
 Who on his breathing fled !

As the boy when the winds
 Of the morning arose,
 Awoke with a start,—
 In the flush of the sky
 From his lips, from his locks,
 From his dimples and breath,
 They broke with a hum
 And a rush and a sigh,
 Around—around him fled—
 And blew away
 In a freshened cloud
 About his wavy head !

AN AUTUMN-TALE.

Richly the year had rolled,
Swart was the corn with gold
Grapes hung in drowsy fold
Through a Rhine-Kingdom.
Where stood a sombre Pine
Circled by Willows nine,
Pausing, a youth and maid
Looked through the Autumn.
She had a Morning-Face,—
He was of knightly race ;
From the church in the glade
Rose the Te Deum.

These were the words they spake,
As the warm music brake
Into the sombre Pine
Circled by Willows nine ;—
As he of knightly race
Looked in her Morning-Face :—
—“ They will our bridal keep
In this Rhine-Kingdom ;—
But if for rest, our Love
Vainly the earth shall rove,—
Here will we lie and sleep
In the dark Autumn ! ”—

Carol and roundelay
Welcomed the marriage-day.
Hushed was the sombre Pine,
Hushed were the Willows nine ;—

As in the vale beneath,
Bearing her bridal-wreath,
Passed the throng merrily,
 Chanting Te Deum.
On every sloping tree
Lay the winds drowsily,
And all the forest-side
Bent down before the bride,
As she went joyously,
 Through the deep Autumn.

In the church in the glade,
Wedded the youth and the maid ;
—But to the sombre Pine
Circled by Willows nine,
Often they turned their eyes
From the rich pageantries,
Which in the Abbot's hall
 Circled around them.
They to a castle sped,
There was the revel led,
And sung their vassals all :
 Nuptial crowned them.

But on the earth, their Love
Vainly for shelter strove !
—Oh could the sombre Pine,—
Oh could the Willows nine
Only a fitting home
 Give to their wild Love?—
Had it no resting-place
In the wide Summer's face ?
—Never shall answer come,—
 This shall no tongue prove.

But in the purple light
 Of a deep Autumn-night,
 —There 'neath the sombre Pine,—
 There 'neath the Willows nine,—
 High on a woody steep
 Were they found sleeping!—
 Thus from the world they stole,—
 Silently—soul in soul,—
 Their Love too wild and deep
 For the world's keeping.

Fanning the lovers' brows,
 Waved all the forest-boughs.
 —Bending the sombre Pine,
 Bending the Willows nine,
 On every sloping tree,
 Lay the winds mysticly
 Through the Rhine-Kingdom;
 And all the forest side
 Bent down before the bride,
 As she died silently
 Through the dark Autumn!

BY THE SEA.

(From the German of Heine.)

The sea lay rolled in mystic tone,
 The dying sunset o'er it thrown;
 We sat by the lonely fisher-house,
 We sat in silence and alone.

The mist went up, the waters swelled,
The gulls wide wailing onward ;
From out thine eyes with love o'erfull,
Fell the tears downward.

I saw them fall upon thy hand,
Thence downward to thy knee they sank ;
I bowed my lips to thy white hand,
And from thy hand thy tears I drank !

Since then, each hour my life consumes,
My soul dies with yearning ;
I am poisoned with the maiden's tears,
Forever in me burning.

THE LONELY CLOUD.

Thou lonely Cloud, thou lonely Summer-Cloud,
Cast like a Thought upon the Brow of Space,
Far onward through the wilderness of light,
Shalt thou thy path, shalt thou thy mission trace !

Far outward o'er the sea-horizon driven,
Before the mourner shalt thou pass like Hope
Living—but lonely—in the mighty heaven !

To lovers weary of the noonday-light,
Pass as a gentle promise of the night !

To lonely fisher humming o'er the sea,
Pass as the lonely waters' Mystery !

To babe half-sleeping in his mother's smile,
Pass as a dream of an Enchanted Isle !

And to the wanderer listing ocean's tone,
Pass as a Secret of a Sea Unknown !

And to the dreamer-poet, as his gaze
Searches the summer-ocean for his lays,
Far in the sea-horizon's misty glory,
Pass as the Spirit of a Distant Story !

SONG.

(* Imitated from Goethe.)

Over all summits is silence now ;
All the tree-tops folded sleep,
Hushed are all the little birds
In the quiet forest deep ;
Hushed the wind in every bough,
Wait,—wait only—only—
Soon
Hushed art thou.

* The above are an imitation of the following celebrated lines which the Author of *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* wrote upon the wall of a wood-hut, in the days of his happiest youth :—

Über allen Gipfeln ist ruh
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch :
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde,
Warte nur,—warte nur,—balde
Ruhest du auch.

A little while before his death, he revisited the scene. The lines were still upon the wall of the hut. With tears in his eyes, he repeated the last words : "Ja, warte nur, warte nur—balde—ruhest du auch !"—and soon after he was gathered to the inward peace of mighty spirits like his own.

PRINCESS GUDRUN.

Princess Gudrun
In the forest-sun,
Rode up the blowing wold ;
Her locks upthrown,
Were swarthy blown
Upon the winds that rolled.

A young bird sped
Above her head,
Rode o'er her tresses proud,
And floating there,
Above her hair
He sang as o'er a cloud.

Her glowing shade
Of ebon made
Luxurious the sun.
The minstrels all
Did praise in hall,
The dark princess Gudrun.

Her locks which blew
And swarthy threw
Dim shadows o'er them there,
Within the haze
Of Minne*-Lays,
They called dark woodland-hair.

* *Minne*, an old German word for love, whence Minnesinger.

Within her bower
In castle-tower,
At crimson dawn of day,
Princess Gudrun
Sat in the sun,
Beside an oriel grey.

The gold morn blew
The oriel through,
The birds sang shrill and wide ;
Her black hair rolled
In ebon fold
Upon the gales that sighed.

Went thither in
At sweet matn,
A young prince of the grove ;
Was belted bright
And fairly dight ;
Oh Youth and Song and Love !

He sought the maid,
And soft he laid
His form her close beside.
" What seekst thou here
Young Prince so near ? "
Gudrun in marvel cried.

With lifted face
And goodly grace,
The prince replied him fair ;
" I have come to sleep
In the shadow deep
Of thy dark woodland-hair."

THE GABLED HOUSE.

Deep in a grove the Morning loves to dight.
From out a gabled house with chimings bright,
An oaken clock strikes through the summer light.

Deep in a grove the Morning loves to shower
With silver dews, within a gabled bower
A merry maid lives through the summer hour.

Deep in a grove the Morning loves to seize;
From out a gabled house beneath the trees,
Her merry wheel hums with the summer bees.

In measure with the branches as they rock
Above the gabled house with breezy shock,
She sings unto the striking of the clock.

THE PIXIE AND THE LADIE.

(The Pixies are beings inhabiting clefts of stones and roots of trees,
so small as to be invisible.)

“The Moon is Great and Deep, fayre Ladie!
— Come and sit beneath the alder,—
We will tell thee all that may be !”—
Thus the wandering Pixie called her.
—“ Only bend thy great deep eyes
On the Pixie,—he will soon
Tell thee All which caved in lies
In the Great Deep Moon !

So that fayre and wondering Ladie
Went and sat beneath the alder ;—
There she listened all which may be
Told to mortal ;—Songs enthralled her
Which when sung beneath the skies
Of a night in summer, soon
Utter All which caverned lies
In the Great Deep Moon !

When the Lord of that fayre Ladie
Came and sought her 'neath the alder ;—
Never—never known it may be
Whither thence the Pixie called her,—
But amid the summer-evening,
She had vanished o'er the doone ;
And beneath the mighty Alder—
All was lonely—all was silent
As the Great Deep Moon !

HILDA.

Lord Wilhelm sat with Hilda his young bride,
Upon the sloping rocks of Uberstein ;
Before them through the mazy summertide
With heavy lordly murmur sped the Rhine.
She gazed upon it and she gazed with him :
Around each dripping stone and mossy brim,
Oh warm with purple did the waters lave,
For Hilda's voice sang, drooping with the wave.

Lord Wilhelm issued to the battle-plain,
And saw no more the rocks of Uberstein.
Beside the waters Hilda watched in vain,
Though deep with lordly murmur sped the Rhine.

She leapt into the waves, and died alone !
Around each mossy brim and dripping stone,
Oh thinly silvered did the waters lave,
—Her white form floating, silvered all the wave.

Around the hazy rocks of Uberstein,
Where'er the sloping bank its verdure rears,
In all the flowers and waters of the Rhine
There is a Gaze of silence and of tears !

All seems to stand in solitude, alone.
Around each mossy brim and dripping stone,
Oh dark with tones the purple waters lave,
For Hilda's voice is deepening the wave.

ELEGY.*

"Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating."—
HENRY VIII. *Act II. Scene II.*

I heard the Great Wind moaning,
And I beneath it lay,—
But She had passed beyond it,
Through the winter hoar and grey.

* The above was written on waking in the night and hearing the wind roar, after the day in which the author's sister Lucia was taken from this world. She was the last relation then remaining by him, and having brought him up from infancy, had become mother as well as sister. She was a woman of great heart and mind ; the heroine of his childhood, all the romance of which was woven about her.

I heard the Great Wind moaning
Full oft on winter-eves,
When our two hearts were watching
Beneath the storm-blown leaves ;
When our two hearts were warmer
Together as they lay
Beneath the Great Wind moaning
In the winter hoar and grey.

Far through the dun December
My Sister passed away ;—
And as she passed beyond me,
A Trail of Light and Wonder—
Of Thought and Memory—
Fell from her lingering footstep
On this Winter hoar and grey !

I watched—I watched thee, Lucia,—
Until the Great Wind sister,
Moaning, between us rose !—
Then as the cold and fresh-hewn rock
Is cast the hollow mouth to close
Of open sepulchre,—the World
Rolled in, and like a heavy stone
Blocked and closed my trembling gaze,—
And I stood hushed—alone !

When shall I view thee, Lucia,
Beyond that closed Way ?—
—I hear the Great Wind moaning—
—Some Mystery intoning—
—Almighty—let me pray—

Roll—roll, ye Winds, around me,—
 Teach my song your tone,
 For *Ye* and *I* are lonely—
 Winter-Winds, we are alone !

* * * * *

But I have songs to wither
 The world from off my heart,—
 But I have songs whose numbers
 Have learnt from winds their art ;—
 And I will chant them ever,
 Till through the dun December,—
 Beyond the winter's groaning,
 Beyond the Great Wind moaning,
 Its mysteries intoning,—
 My Songs and I depart !

SPRING SONG.

(To My Sister's Grave.)

When I sat a child beside her,
 She the wild Maybells would gather,
 Maybells ring the grey stone over !
 When she sang of smiles or sorrow,
 She had tones would rouse thee swallow,
 Swallow sing the grey stone over !

By the blue Spring-sea she led me,
 When the Spring sang o'er the white ships,
 White Ships pass like memories of her !

'Mid the northern mountain heather,
South-Wind thou hast filled her tresses,
South-wind pass the grey stone over !

Many a bright and Elfin story
In the evening-shades she told me,
Stories Old the grey stone cover !
And the dark Church-tower she showed me
Trembling in my infant-wonder,
Dark Tower brood the grey stone over !

Oh my Childhood ! Oh my Childhood !
With thy Christmas Elfin-forests
Which forever murmur of her,
With thy Loves and Firelight-hollows
And thine Evening-Elves and Stories—
Dwell—oh dwell the grey stone over !

NIGHT AND DREAMS.*

I heard a wondrous Tone
A silver-breathing horn
Blow from the Spiritual Worlds,
All down a purple steep
Of slumber,—as I slept.

* The author's sister possessed a voice in which the upper notes were of extraordinary beauty.

* * * * *

To most deeply imaginative minds there is an affinity between the images of Sound perceived by the ear, and those perceived by the eye or other sense. In the above, such likeness is drawn between a tear and a chime of sound.

And riding upon the horn,
 Came my lost sister's Voice,
 Came as it lived of old,
 Like a chime in a silver cloud !

The cloud rode on the horn,
 And in the cloud was the chime.
 And with it a voice : " She lives,
 She lives, thy sister lives,
 That chime shall touch the sun ! "

I started, awoke,—the morn,
 The cold morn flashed on my eyes,
 Wind blew my lattice through :
 Lost in my vanished sleep
 Were the cloud and the horn,—but the *Chime*
 Had become a *Tear* in mine eyes,
 There it glistened and touched the sun !
 And I knew that my sister lived.

THE STILL MAIDEN.*

Thou art the peace,—the silence thou,
 Deep in thee slumbers breath and bough ;
 All the hushed evening rests in thee,
 Water and wind and quiet bee.

With thy full silence fill my soul,
 Oh thou hushed maiden ! oh thou hushed maiden !
 With thy sweet stillness mild and low
 All boughs are laden, all boughs are laden.

* The *first* line (but the first line only,) of the above is from the opening line of a German *Lied* by Rückert :—

" Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mild."

REVERIE.

The Autumn like a pausing Seer,
With his slow extended hand,
As a Book of Prophecy
Opes each shadow of the land !
These the written words they hold,
These the teachings they unfold :

“ In our Book of Shadow lies
Much of Love's sweet Mystery,
Writ in language which the eyes
Of the loving and the wise
Know to read, and love to read
As the sun sets o'er the mead,
And the airs of evening fall.

It is holy scripture all ;
And a book of prophecy
Is our Mystic Book of Shade,
Which the Prophet Autumn thus
Open unto man hath laid.

“ Autumn is a Prophet old ;
On the border of the wood,
He with forehead berry-crowned,
Sits in ever-gazing mood.
Of our Shadow-Book his hand
Spreads the pages o'er the land.
Much they hold, to man revealed :
But beyond these pages open,
We have Volumes yet unsealed,
And must pass an Age of Wonder,
Ere their mysteries be told ;
And until that Age of Wonder,
'Neath His seal of mighty purpose,
God our Volumes hath enrolled.”

SONNET TO SHAKESPERE'S JESSICA.

. "In such a night
 Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;
 And with an unthrift love did run from Venice."

MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Act V. Scene I.*

- Soft as the night in which thy love was told,
 Descends thy Presence on the heart and eye,
 And o'er us moves e'en as the passing by
 Of dreamy ships upon the waters' fold !
 —But when thy voice is heard,—St. Mark ! behold—
 Then pictured in thy tone and witchery,
 Are all the Suns and Songs of Italy
- Which southern bards and southern skies unfold !
 —As when from out his rich brown-hearted rays
 The western sun a rosy dawn foretells ;
 Or when the Autumn with his revel days
 Sits monarch in the merry red-burnt dells ;
 So in the ruddy fulness of thy gaze,
 The dark-browed smile of Judah living dwells.

 VESPER-LAY.

When Lucia lay in silence, and the breath
 Which fanned her smile with beauty, hushed in death ;
 Oh when there rose no voice, no glance, no smile,
 The burden of my spirit to receive,
 —Whilst all around me reeled with Vacancy,
 Thy *touch* was as a Shadow o'er me, Mary *
 —Thy *touch* was as a Shadow of the Eve !

* A companion of the author's childhood, to whom he was much attached.

Oh when the household-fire, the Christmas-blaze
Which lit our home, lay quenched within her gaze !
Oh when there rose no hearth, no fire, no home
The burden of my spirit to receive ;
—In that hot Noontide of Reality,
Thy *touch* was as a Shadow o'er me, Mary
—Thy *touch* was as a Shadow of the Eve !

When I am laid in silence, and the breath
Which warms my lips to music, hushed in death ;
Oh when the wonders of Eternity
Arise my spirit's burden to receive,
—When all around me reels with Mystery—
Then be thy *touch* a Shadow o'er me, Mary
—Then be thy *touch* a Shadow of the Eve !

ST. VALENTINE.*

St. Valentine knelt in the cloisterage pale,
And the bare winter-morning was white with the gale :
And his spirit was cheerless and cold as the blast,
For a tempest of doubt and bewilderment passed
 On the old Bishop there,
 As he struggled in prayer.
So chill was the morning, no more could he pray ;
In doubt and in pain and in horror he lay.

* The true origin of St. Valentine's Day is a thing which has ever remained imperfectly known. The story of the above piece is unfortunately drawn from no source of history.

A child of three years, who by hazard had strayed
And been lost in the cloister, came wandering by.
Upon pillars and arches and canopied shade,
He gazed with an innocent wondering eye.

He laughed with delight
At the altars bright ;
And allured by the glow of the windows red,
Onward to reach them he noiselessly fled.

A sunbeam descended the infant to greet,
And through the stained window laughed love to his
feet !

Then his feet with a dimpled and pattering pace,
Did the rings of the sun in a merriment chase ;
Till he came in his play,
By the chapel so grey
Where the old man was kneeling in doubt and in fear,
But unheard by his aged insensible ear.

When hushed was the wonder which held him awhile,
Behind the old Bishop he noiselessly sprang,
And put his soft arm round his neck with a smile,
And high in the window the Red Robin sang !
St. Valentine started,
His terrors departed,
The warmth of the touch of the child's rosy arm
Broke all his doubts with a mystical charm !

Then he summoned him abbot and priest to his side,
And told them the story, and merrily cried :—
“When I die, if a Saint I am worthy to prove,
May I Patron be called of the Greeting of Love !”
Forth through the snow,
From the church did they go,
And the thought of the touch of the child's rosy arm
Made the snow cheery and rosy and warm.

That night in his palace with harp and with rhyme,
The Bishop he feasted in jovial cheer ;
For it was the season of Christmas, and time
When holly was green and all singing was dear.

Happy that night
He feasted with might,
For the thought of the touch of the child's rosy arm
Made his wine cheery and rosy and warm.

When the midnight was come, the old Bishop arose,
And smiled to his gleemen and left them to sing ;
But from the gold revel he passed to repose,
Whilst the shouts of his people did after him ring.

Sweet was his sleep,
And his visions were deep,
For the thought of the touch of the child's rosy arm
Made his dreams cheery and rosy and warm.

At daybreak, a smile, of his slumbers born,
Was fixed on his features,—no more to be fleeting :
—His body lay beautiful,—white as the morn,
But his spirit had fled to be Saint of Love's Greeting !

His eyes were closed,
And his temples reposed ;
For the Dreams of the touch of the child's rosy arm
Had borne him for ever from waking alarm.

So they made him the Saint of the Greetings of Love !
Pure greetings for ever he watches above.
And as long as St. Valentine honoured of eld,
The Patron of Lovers' True Greeting is held,

Though the winter be cold,
When his day we behold,
May this song of the touch of the child's rosy arm
Make his day cheery and rosy and warm !

A VALENTINE.

What song, what token shall I bring
As valentine and offering
To thee, dear Friend, upon whose breast
All burden slumbers into rest ?
—In vain my willing fancies throng,
My Muse is silent,—let us love—
And be our Love—the Song !

THE SONG OF THE SWAN.

On streams long
Of evening-song,
The swan is floating into death !
Lost in the light of lilies white,
He dies in a cloud of purple breath !

Come, Love !
The grass is still,
The lawn is hushed with evening deep.
Let us lie and hear the swan
Floating to his mystic sleep.

Hark, Love !
From out the lilies,
Flows his song so wild and lone !
Ever deeper through the silence
Dies the swan into the tone !

Here, Love !
Let me silent,
Float with him into sweet death ;
On thy lily-bosom lost,
Die in a cloud of purple breath !

BRUNHILD.

Brunhild, she is dark as Italian night !
With all slumberous gloom is her form bedight :
Since first in the deep of the Midsummer-light,
Came her glorious shadow upon my sight,
Brunhild is the soul of all Slumber's might !

The red-rolling sunset is rich with Brunhild,
The sonorous waters are deep with Brunhild,
From her hath the Autumn its swarthy gild ;
And the night it is glorious with Brunhild,
Her darkness hath gloom with a passion filled !

THE ERL KING.

(From the German of GÖETHE.)

Who rideth so late through the night and wind ?
It is the father with his child !
He hath the boy well in his arms,
He holds him warm through the rushing wild.

“ My son ! why hidest thou thy gaze ? ”
 “ Seest father not—the Erlin-king ?
 The Erlin-king with crown and reed ? ”—
 “ My son ! my son ! the Linden-haze ! ”

“ Thou lovely Child, come hence with me,
 Where flowers have opened their gilded globes ;
 Lo ! many blossoms are on the strand,
 My mother hath many golden robes ! ”

“ My father ! my father ! and hear'st not thou
 What sweetly promises me the king ? ”
 —“ Be peaceful, be thou peaceful, child,
 Through Autumn old the night-winds sing.”

“ Oh, wilt thou, beautiful boy, with me ?
 My daughters fairly shall on thee tend ;
 My daughters are leading the sports of the night,
 They shall cradle and sing thee where branches
 bend ! ”

“ My father ! my father ! and seest not thou
 Erlking's grey daughters riding there ? ”
 —“ My son ! my son ! I behold right well,
 The willows old they are shining bare.”

“ I love thee !—my soul by thine image is torn !
 And com'st thou not freely, I call thee no more ! ”
 —“ My father ! my father !—now stretches his hand—
 Oh the Erlin-king hath me stricken sore ! ”

The father is writhen, white streams the wild,
 His arms hold the fearful-accenting child !
 With trouble and toil to his tower he fled,
 —Upon his bosom the child was dead.

DREAM-WIND.

Night-winds, I listen ye,
As the deep
Abyss of Sleep
Opens—opens unto me.

Brood, Winds ! brood over me !
Mountains wild
Slumber-piled,
Rise within my phantasy.

Mourn ! Mourn, thou long long Wind !
Down the steep
Of my Sleep,
Mourn ! mourn ! and silence find.

Move ! move, thou slow slow Wind,
Through the shades
And the glades
Of my Dreams, thy home to find !

Brood ! brood, thou night-wind deep,
Round the Maid
Who in their shade,
Singing sits amid my Sleep !

Stay ! stay, thou night-wind fleeting !
 On my breast
 I feel her rest,
 With her head upon its beating !

Now her breath upon me streams !
 —Alas !—she fades
 Through dim arcades
 Long and mystic, of my Dreams !

Mourn ! mourn, thou long long wind !
 Down the steep
 Of my Sleep,
 Mourn ! mourn ! and silence find.

THE GUEST-HOUSE.

(From *Die Winterreise** of MÜLLER.)

“ If to a green God's-acre
 My weary pathway led,
 I there would rest me for ever,”—
 Full oft my heart hath said.

Oh you green willow-garlands !
 Ye surely are a sign
 I have reached a cool guest-house,
 And rest at last is mine !

* *Winterreise* (*The Winter Journey*), another of the Lieder collections so well known in consort with Schubert's music.

Alas ! and are the chambers
In this sweet house all filled ?
I am weary unto sinking,
I am heavy, worn and chilled.

Oh thou unpitying guest-house,
Thy wines I may not quaff ?
Forth onward, then ! forth onward,
My trusty wanderer's staff !

WILDWOOD-SONG.

A Greenwood-Cot
And a Wildwood Maid
And a bright Wood-Boy in the twilight stood.
And this is the dream
Which I heard in the stream,
As I slept 'mid the rush of the Autumn leaves,
By the church in the Autumn wood.

Green was the wood,
Green was the Cot,
Wild were its eaves with the swallow's call.
Wild as the eaves,
And green as the cot,
Are the leafy dreams which when youth is warm,
Upon youthful slumbers fall.

Bright was the Boy,
 Bright was his form
 As a young hart aroused by a distant horn !
 Rich as his eyes
 And warm as his touch,
 Is the odour of Love which mellows the wind
 On the Autumn's purple lawn.

Wild was the Maid,
 Wild was their Love
 In the Cot by the church with its breezy bells !
 Wild as the Maid,
 And wild as their Love,
 Was the sound of the rush of the Autumn leaves,
 As I slept in the wild grey dells.

THE ROSE.

(From GÖTTE.)

Saw a Boy a young Rose stand,
 Young Rose in the morning !
 'Twas so fresh and April-fanned,
 Ran he swift it nigh to see,
 And beheld it wantonly.
 Young Rose red ! Young Rose red !
 Young Rose in the morning !

Cried the Boy, "I thee will break,
 Young Rose in the morning !"
 "I will sting !" the young Rose spake,

“ So thou shalt forget it ne’er,
 And thy pain I shall not share ! ”
 Young Rose red ! Young Rose Red !
 Young Rose in the morning !

And the Rose the wild Boy broke,
 Young Rose in the morning !
 Pierced her thorn with angry stroke,
 But, alas ! her words were vain,
 She will ever share his pain !
 Young Rose red ! Young Rose red !
 Young Rose in the morning !

SONNET TO THE NAME MARY.

Thou lingering Word,—thou title of the heart,
 What human tongue first shaped thy witchery?
 What human lips first breathed thy melody?
 For as a wild and untaught song thou art !
 A song—of which all Silence is a part !
 Thou the first tone of that deep harmony
 Of which all Silence is the rhapsody !
 Which Thou and Silence only can impart
 Perchance as some low wind with hurried sail
 Swept an Eolian harp and made resound
 Its fleeting ditty, hastening to veil
 The measure which its breath had cast around,
 It left this One lone accent on the gale,
 Bidding its music die into that Sound !

SONG OF THE GREEN.

(Partially imitated from a Lied of MÜLLER.)

"Shame that the oak-bough true and green,
Upon the wall hangs fading here !
The Green—the Green it is so dear !
The Green it is so dear !"

So didst thou cry, Love, unto me ;
So thence I plucked and sent it thee,
Now be the Green—the Green so dear !
Now be the Green so dear !

Now twine amid thy shady hair,
The oak-leaves true that fading were !
And be the Green—the Green so dear !
And be the Green so dear !

Now know I where Love hath his home,
And Hope her dwelling near,—
'Tis in the Green—the Green so dear,
'Tis in the Green so dear !

THE OAK-BOUGH.

Along the roads the children sing,
When the Spring weaves, the Spring weaves ;
And as they dance and sing in throngs,
I chase and seize and shut their songs
In my wild leaves, my wild leaves !

Beneath me oft a maiden sleeps,
 In the June-eves ! the June-eves !
 I touch her lips as she slumbereth,
 And make a bower for her breath
 With my wild leaves ! my wild leaves !

The organ old in the forest-church,—
 In the dark eves, the dark eves
 Of Autumn, doth with drowsy toll
 The organ old, its anthems roll
 Through my wild leaves ! my wild leaves !

The Winter comes with shriek and growl,
 The wind cleaves ! the wind cleaves !
 Scattered driven its breath before,
 Like olden Loves to come no more,
 Are my wild leaves ! my wild leaves !

LYRIC TO THE QUEEN FROM THE GREENWOOD-TREE.

My Queen, I oft have thought on thee
 Amid the rustic evening's wane,
 When lost in meadows lonelily
 By English rose and English lane.

Not with the blaze of crown or throne
 My thoughts would blend thee in their train,
 But as thou may'st be, when alone
 With English rose and English lane ;

Remembering thou hast faces seen
 And voices heard of some of those,
 Whose World of Sound to me has been
 The world of every lane and rose.

Weber * beheld thee when a child,
 And perhaps thy laughter's merry flows
 Did teach him many a secret wild
 Of English lane and English rose !

Mendelssohn † with thy children played,
 And from their sports did o'er him rain
 The secret light and love and shade
 Of English rose and English lane !

Glorious thy years, and in them long
 May rose and lane protected dwell :
 And in the future to the throng,
 Thy story thus shall History tell ;—

The English pomp and power and host
 She well could kindle, well restrain,
 —But loved to reign in silence most
 O'er English rose and English lane.

Of peace and hope and love, for her
 A secret throne uplifted they,
 A home from empire's roar and stir.
 —When Heaven called her Prince away,

With him her outward throne she shared
 No more,—but still *with him* could reign
 Upon that secret throne prepared
 By English rose and English lane.

* Her Majesty, when a child, was several times seen by Weber at the house of her mother the Duchess of Kent.

† The story is well known, that Her Majesty having asked Mendelssohn what she might do to give him most pleasure, he wished to be allowed to see her with her children in the royal nursery, and was not content until he had had a good romp with them.

THE HIDDEN WORLDS.*

. "We are such stuff
As dreams are made on."

"THE TEMPEST." *Act IV. Scene I.*

"Where do the dead lie, mother mine?
Do they lie where the tombs are piled
Curtained and hung with the deep woodbine?"
Thus to a mother cried a child;
At the closing of the day,
Sporting on a mountain grey.

"Do they lie in the hawthorne-deene?
Do they lie in meadows green,
Where in the wave of the oak and the stream,
Where in the droop of the corn they seem
With soft low touch caressing me?"

* In the above, the author alludes to his belief that those who are in another life than this, exist *with* us as to *interior* life, but their *outward* world impalpable to our senses, and our *outward* world impalpable to theirs, unless the Deity otherwise permit. That thus in all our inward sensations of mind, we are in intercourse with human souls in worlds invisible to this world, and often with those for whom we mourn.

It is likewise the author's opinion that Dreams are intended to us as a *suggestion* of how the Deity can in a moment call forth a material existence around us, out of nothing, making us move therein in a bodily existence; and of how vain it is to suppose that nothing exists save what is perceived by the waking sense of this present life.

Can their rest in the waters be?
 Do they lie in the mighty sea,
 Where in the ocean's purple beam,
 Through all the hollow waves they seem
 With dark blue eyes beholding me?

Do they lie in the dreadful storm?
 Do they lie where the thunders form?
 Where in the eagle's distant scream—
 Where in the driven hail they seem
 With strange dark words rebuking me?"

—"Not in the sea or the meadows green,
 Not where the ivied tombs are seen,
 Not in the storm or the eagle's cry,
 In nothing, Child, of these they lie,
 —But in thee and surrounding thee!"

In the Hidden Worlds within us cast,
 Whither we are ever passing,
 Whither they have wholly passed!
 —Where in the silence—in the dream
 Of thine unspoken thoughts, they seem
 With long—long looks awaiting thee!

In the Silence of our spirits
 When we harken unto song,—
 In the Silence of our spirits
 When we weep for suffered wrong,—
 In the Silence of our spirits
 As we mark the mighty sea,—

In the Silence of *my* spirit
 As I look, my child, on thee,—
There lie the Dead !"—
 The mother said :
 Watching from that mountain grey,
 At the closing of the day.

SONNET TO HAMLET.

Dark Prince ! thou walkest lone 'mid skulls and flowers,
 Which blend about thy path fantastically.
 Lonely amid the wild green cemet'ry,
 Thou walkest searching Death's grey-curtained bowers.
 —The organ-roll of Night in secret hours
 Comes groaning through the massy tombs to thee,
 Wide from the weeping lapses of the sea,
 Making thee kneel to Sound and her dread Powers !
 —Lo ! where a lily lost from out a wreath,
 Lies by a skull's grim jaws amid the gloom !
 The skull grins on the flower, and through its teeth
 Chatters the wind upon the shrinking bloom.
 So grins cursed Cynicism, so beneath
 Lies lost Ophelia shrinking to her doom.

WINTER-NIGHT.

Ho ! Winter is come !
And merry tales hum
 In the buzz of the piny fire !
Ho ! the rough-blown beard of the woodman hale
Is ruddy with firelight and winter-ale,
 And the winds sing higher and higher !

In merry brown ring
The village-girls sing
 To the hoot of the chimney old !
The ancient chimney whose mossy throat
Is rough with many an olden wind,
And rough with many an olden note
 In ancient Winter told.

Oh the Oak is bare !
The Oak is bare !
But brown Robin Goodfellow lingers there
 To frighten the village-folk !
 The leaves are dead,
 But the Elves not fled ;
As the cottage-windows with firelight glow,
Hid in the black boughs streaked with snow,
Merry Fay Puck hums to and fro
 In the heart of the rindy Oak !

The children have lit by the cottage-door,
 A fire of brambles and berries hoar ;
 Through the weed-scented smoke
 Merry Fay Puck sings higher and higher,
 And rides on the rush of the Christmas-fire
 Out of the rindy Oak !

'Tis cheery to sit by a Chimney old,
 When old Shadows out of the Winter steal,
 When old Winds out of the Winter roar,
 And deep in their roar old Songs are sung !
 Let mossy brown logs to the hearth be rolled,
 For the bells of the oakland-village peal,
 And the fire-lit Oak by the cottage-door
 Shadows the dancing children o'er,
 Their heads with holly hung.

Ho ! Winter is come,
 And merry Elves hum
 In the buzz of the piny fire !
 To the Elfin-Moon in the snowy sky
 The forest-church from the willows nigh,
 Uplifts its windy spire :
 As the snow-clouds form,
 Its windows warm
 Lit in their hollows of ivy shade,
 Look rosy with Love through the Christmas-glade !
 And the winds sing higher and higher !

THE HOSTEL.

The Auberge is crumbling day by day,
Its chimneys are haunted by ravens grey,
 And its gables looking down
Over the winding mountain-road,
Heavy with Age's mossy load,
 All tottering, quaint and brown.

It can scarcely longer rouse its cheer
With mournful smiles, for every year
 Some mouldering fragment falls.
But the Shepherd makes his bells to ring,
Whene'er his flocks are wandering
 By its ancient crumbled walls.

And the Wanderer stops to tell a tale
Over its ancient humming ale,
 Whenever he near it strays ;
And the Valley sends an olden breeze
Up to cheer it through the trees,
 As it wall by wall decays.

And the Maiden sings her song whene'er
She passes by the carven stair
 Which leads to its kitchen old ;
And the Hunter's horn blows up the air
From the mountain-road beneath, whene'er
 Its shadows o'er him fold.

118 THE LYRICS OF THE GREENWOOD TREE.

So the Shepherd rings his bells to it,
And the Wanderer tells his tales to it,
And the Valley sends its breeze to it,
 Through the morning bright and cold ;
And the Maiden sings her song to it,
And the Hunter blows his horn to it,
Thus seek they all to comfort it
 So tottering, quaint and old.

TO SCHUBERT.

In the Dawn I will roam with thee ;
In the Winds I will fare with thee ;
In the Streams I will follow thee ;
In the Vale I will rest with thee ;
In the Chimes I will dream with thee ;
In the Storm I will ride with thee ;
In the Thunder be throned with thee ;
In Sorrow be hushed with thee ;
In Death I will pass to thee.

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

Oh the glory of the Forest has departed !
The tones of the Horn are silent,
The shades of the Castle have vanished,
My wild wild Youth is over !
 Sing me to sleep, sweet Death,—
 Sing me to sleep and that quickly.

Whither the shades of the Castle,
And the glory of the Forest,
And the wild tones of the Horn
And my wild youth have departed,
Bear me thither, oh Death—
Bear me thither oh quickly!

THE BEAUTIFUL MILLER-MAID.

(*DIE SCHONE MULLERIN OF WILHELM MULLER.*)

[N.B. The following remaining numbers of *Die Schöne Müllerin* the Author had not translated at the time this volume was sent to press. They are therefore here added, as with those already given in the course of this volume, they form the entire collection of that series of *Lieder*.]

HOUR OF FIRELIGHT.

Would I thousand arms had to struggle !
And could teach the mill-stones to thunder !
And could bellowing turn the mill-wheels !
And could blow all the woods asunder !
 That the beautiful Miller-maid
 Would with smiles my toiling aid !

Ah how feeble is my arm !
 Though I wrestle, though I carry,
 Though I cut and cleave and strike,
 Every churl has done the like,
 Every churl has done the like.

And I sit at hour of curfew-knell,
In the circle round the hearth's still light ;
And the Master speaks to all ;—' Your work,
Your work has pleased me well.'
And the sweet, sweet Maiden says to all,
' Good Night,' to all ' Good Night !'

Would I thousand arms had to struggle,
And could teach the mill-stones to thunder,
And could bellowing turn the mill-wheels,
And could blow all the woods asunder !
That the beautiful Miller-maid
Would with smiles my toiling aid !

THE QUESTION.

I ask it of no flower,
I ask it of no star,
They never may give me the answer,
The answer I seek so far.

To read the flowers I know not,
The stars they are too high ;
Of my Brooklet will I ask it,
If my love loves faithfully ?

Oh Brooklet, of my loved-one
To-day why art thou hushed ?
Have those wild words ' She loves me,'
Away
With thy wild waters rushed ?

Tell, tell to me my Brooklet,
 If my love loves faithfully?
 Thine answer holds the whole world,
 The whole world for me !

Oh Brooklet, of my loved-one
 To-day why art thou hushed?
 Have those wild words 'She loves me,'
 Away
 With thy wild waters rushed?

BROKEN HOPE.*

I am cheerless now, I have no heart, no mind,
 For I have wandered far through gale and wind,
 Of every wind I have made thy name a part,
 I have sung and left thy name in every wind ;
 And in thy name, and in thy name,
 I have left, I have left my heart !

I cheerless am and all my strength has flown,
 Ah ! I have wandered far by brook and stone,
 Of every stone I have made thy name a part,
 Yes I have left thy name on every stone ;
 And in thy name, and in thy name,
 I have left, I have left my heart !

* The above is not a translation. The original lyric for which it is substituted, is the least striking of the series, and one quite incapable of being effectively translated. The above lines however are in the same rhythm and spirit, as the lines whose place they take in this version. In one or two other places, especially in "Morning-Greeting," "The Miller's Flowers," "The Miller and the Brook," I have wrought out ideas a little differently from the original, but only where, literally translated, they would have been ineffective.

I cheerless am, I am powerless, hopeless now,
I have wandered far 'neath every branch and
bough,
Of every tree I have made thy name a part,
Yes I have left thy name on branch and bough;
And in thy name, and in thy name,
I have left, I have left my heart!

Oh come, oh come to me sweet Miller-maid,
Oh come from out thy trellised arbour-shade,
Oh come and make thyself of me a part,
And be thy hand upon my shoulder laid;
And in thy touch, and in thy touch,
From branch and wind and stone,
Bring back my heart!

THE MILLER'S FLOWERS.

The brook beside the blue flowers bend,
With eyelets blue as morn they twine;
The brook it is the miller's friend,
And bright-blue sweetheart's eyes they shine;
So I call these flowers mine,
So I call these flowers mine.

There underneath thy lattice-green,
I plant my flowers and wait for night,
To call thee there when all is hushed,
And on thy head no sleep will light.
Then knowest thou what I would mean to thee,
What my flowers and silence mean to thee!

And when thine eyes in slumber sink,
 With dreams of woodland, grove and grot,
 Far in thy dreams upon me think,
 Forget me not, forget me not !
 This, this is what I would mean to thee,
 What my flowers and silence mean to thee !

UNDER THE ELMS.

We sat so faithful together,
 Within the green elmtree-nook,
 We looked so faithful together,
 Beneath in the white rilling brook.

The moon was fairly arisen,
 The stars were gathered o'erhead,
 And we looked so faithful together,
 In the white pebbly brook as it fled.

I saw in the brooklet no moonlight,
 I saw no starry shine ;
 I only saw thine image,
 And only those eyes of thine.

I saw them glisten and smile and play
 Deep, deep in the happy brook ;
 And flowers on the bank, the blue flowers
 Bent over upon thee to look.

And deep in the brooklet sunken,
 All heaven seemed to shine,
 And I wished in the waters to cast me,
 Deep into those eyes of thine !

So over the clouds and the starlight
Went beating the white pebbly brook,
As we sat so faithful together,
Within the green elmtree-nook.

MINE.

Brooklet let thy rushing cease !
Mill-wheels lay your bellowing by !
All you bright wild forest-birds,
Bright wild birds,
End, oh end your melody !
Through the wood, far and wide,
Echos now one only line,
' The beloved Miller-maid
Is mine ! is mine ! is mine !'

Summer, are these then all thy flowers ?
Sunlight, hast thou no brighter sky ?
Ah ! alas I only may
With the one one full word Mine,
Unto all creation cry,
To the wide creation cry !

Brooklet let thy rushing cease !
Mill-wheels lay your bellowing by !
All you bright wild forest-birds,
Bright wild birds,
End, oh end your melody !
Through the wood, far and wide,
Echos now one only line,
' The beloved Miller-maid
Is mine ! is mine ! is mine !'

THE HUNTER.

What seeks then the hunter here by the millbrook?
 A true hunter never the forest forsook!
 Here have we no stag and no hunting for thee,
 Here lives but a young doe, a tame one for me!

And wouldst thou a moment look on my white doe?
 Then cease thy hulloo and thy bellow and blow,
 And leave in the forest thy rifle afar,
 And let not thy sturdy rough figure be seen,
 And bring not thy clamouring hounds here to mar
 The song of my doe as she walks on the green!

Away, and thy hounds in the forest release,
 Go, leave thou the mill and the miller in peace!
 For what do the fishes amongst the green boughs?
 Then why comes the hunter the miller to rouse?

Thinkst thou from her garden to chase my white doe?
 My brook it will sweep thee away in its flow!
 Away, let thy horn in the forest be blown,
 The forest has deer which ne'er hunted have been,
 And leave me forever to listen alone
 The song of my doe as she walks on the green!

JEALOUSY AND PRIDE.

Whither so swift, so fresh and swift my Brook?
Dost thou in wrath the hunter-churl pursue?
Return ! look first upon thy Miller-maid,
And let her faithless, blush to look on you !

Saw'st thou her yestereven at the door?
Saw'st thou her features and the smile she wore,
When from the chase his spoils the hunter bore?
Then watching for him as he passed, she sat ;
Go Brooklet, Brooklet in and tell her that !

But tell her not a word that I am mad,
That I am heavy, wandering or sad ;
Tell her ;—‘ He cuts a pipe and nothing more,
And blows the children dances round the door !’

THE LOVED COLOUR.

In green, in green will I clothe me,
In sweet green weeping willow,
My love holds Green so dear, my love holds Green so
dear !

I go forth to hunt in the dark green wood,
To make wild green heath my pillow,
My love holds Green so dear, my love holds Green so
dear !

Off, off to free merry hunting,
Off, off through heath and hollow,
My love holds hunting so dear, my love holds hunting
so dear !

The stag which I hunt is called Death,
'Love's Fear' the wild heath where I follow !
My love holds hunting so dear, my love holds hunting
so dear !

Make me a grave in the meadow,
Deck me with green green grasses,
My love holds Green so dear, my love holds Green so
dear !

There lay me still, still and low ;
Bid each bird cry as it passes,
'His love holds Green so dear, his love holds Green
so dear !'

FAREWELL TO THE GREEN.

I forth would wander into the world,
The hammer of Fate to wield,
But ah ! it is so green, so green,
Here in the forest and field !

Oh I could pluck the green leaves all
From every branch and spray !
Oh I could weep the grasses all
White and withered and grey !

Ah ! Green, wilt ever with me go ? wilt ever with me
go ?
Ah ! Green, wilt ever with me dwell ? wilt ever with
me dwell ?
Oh I could lie before thy door in storm and rain and
snow,
And sing forever through night and day, the one one
word Farewell !

But if in the forest a wood-horn calls,
Then open oft thy lattice wide,
Perchance a day in distance yet,
I again to thee may ride !

Oh bind upon thy forehead, bind
The green green band !
Farewell ! farewell ! and reach to me
In farewell, reach thy hand !

THE MILLER AND THE BROOK.

THE MILLER.

When a heart that is faithful, finds answer no more,
No brook with its lilies can hoping restore !
 Deep into the clouds must the bright moon fade,
And with her grey sorrow the mill-stream o'ershade.
 Our angels are silent and cover their eyes,
And no more with our hopes unto heaven can rise.

THE BROOK.

When tears and when sorrow about love entwine,
 A new Star, a new Star in heaven doth shine !
 A new Star, a new Star, and soft 'neath its light,
There spring forth three Roses, half white and half
 red !
They fade not, nor wither, their bloom they ne'er
 shed ;
And the angels descend every morning and night,
To kiss those three Roses beneath that Star's light !

THE MILLER.

Ah Brooklet, loved Brooklet full strange is thy lay !
 Ah ! teach thee my sorrow I never may !
But thou perhaps thy music may'st teach unto me,
 So sing me again of thy Roses three.

APPENDED INDEX.

THE BEAUTIFUL MILLER-MAID.

(Die Schöne Müllerin of Wilhelm Müller.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON

“RHEINGOLD,”

AND

“THE BRIDAL OF FORTINBRAY.”

From “The Evening Standard,” June 10th, 1873.

“Mr. Fosbroke has two marked excellences in these metrical legends. He is excellent in the art of telling his story, in the weaving and moulding of his plot, and in the sweetness of his lyrical portions. The fault we most commonly find in the narrative portion is a slight tendency to verbiage, though we are bound to give Mr. Fosbroke credit for real poetical genius, a fine fancy, and cultivated taste. Here is a specimen of the lyrical power of this gifted writer,” &c. &c.

From “The Graphic,” October 12, 1872.

“We come to a book, in speaking of which we feel a little difficulty ; ‘Rheingold,’ a romantic legend, by John Baldwin Fosbroke. There is so much that deserves high praise, that the danger suggests itself of appearing absurdly eulogistic. There is so much that needs criticism that we cannot, in short space, say what ought to be said. However, as we think we have found a poet, the blame shall be given where it is wanted, in order that the commendation may be even better deserved in the future.

* * * * *

“We have done upbraiding ; and we will proceed to say that we think there is more promise in ‘Rheingold’ than in any poem we have seen lately. The author has invented a pretty legend, with a coherent plot, which he works out plainly and neatly, and without unnecessary digression. The descriptions are striking and natural, the moral is beyond exception, and the characters living creatures, and not mere puppets. The half-remorse of Yolande makes us pity

ii OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON "RHEINGOLD."

while we detest her ; and even the drunken jailer is not without his human touch in the maudlin recollection of his dead daughter. It would be impossible to epitomise the story without spoiling it. Told as Mr. Fosbroke has told it, we were not content, on its first perusal, to lay it aside until we had read it through."

From "The Graphic," June 28th, 1873.

"Some time ago, we had occasion to mention, with high approbation and also with an amount of blame, a poem of which we are glad to meet with a new revised edition. "Rheingold," a romantic legend, by John Baldwin Fosbroke (Provost & Co.), gave us so much pleasure at the first reading, that we were not sorry to meet with it again in an amended form, and are glad to see that the author has given evidence of the power with which we formerly credited him, both by his readiness to acknowledge faults, and by his ability in correcting them. We do not now find those inequalities of measure, defective rhymes, nor weakening repetitions, which we disliked in the former edition, and we discover fresh beauties ; the opening of Canto VI., for instance, has charmed us by its freshness and its musical ring. In fine, we hope to have further opportunities of judging Mr. Fosbroke's powers as a poet."

From "The Scotsman," July 19th, 1872.

"The public are concerned to know when any good poetry is forthcoming, and beyond doubt there is poetry of more than average merit in 'Rheingold.' There constantly break out passages of singular beauty. The legend altogether deserves a careful reading, that will be well repaid."

From "The Literary World," January, 1873.

"The legendary story of 'Rheingold' is written in the stanza of Spenser, but differs greatly in its buoyant, tinkling melody from Spenser's peculiarly sedate-marching rhythm. No style could be better adapted to the fantastic grace of this poem, which describes the soul-weariness of one to whom a lofty ideal love has been revealed, and

who is ever driven from fest in earthly satisfactions by the renewal of that spiritual vision. . . . We will not destroy the freshness of the plot for intending readers, believing that few will be content to lay down this volume till they have read the whole."

From "Public Opinion," September 14th, 1872.

"We are told in a preface by Mr. Fosbroke that he is a musical enthusiast. All the feelings of his life are knit up with the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, and all their great brethren. These form the world of his inward life. The legends are secreted and formed in those feelings, their scenes being perpetually wrought in the writer's imagination while listening to such works as the symphonies of Beethoven. The plots have all been invented by Mr. Fosbroke, who seeks attention less as a poet in the general sense than as a creator of such legendary histories as he has described. The great problem why evil should exist is the moral subject which is sought to be illustrated. Having given an outline of Mr. Fosbroke's aims it only remains for us to speak of his poetical powers, which we are happy to say are rather remarkable. We have not read the various parts of the volume to determine how much ingenuity has been displayed in the weaving of plots, but to ascertain what sort of a claim Mr. Fosbroke has to be considered a poet. We like very much indeed the prologue which describes 'The White Fawn of Erichswold,' for it is animated and graphic.' Another commendable feature it shows is being intelligible. It is also in parts quite dramatic, and the story is decidedly interesting. The remaining cantos are in the Spenserian stanza, which is written with smoothness and grace. Scattered on numerous pages are bright and glowing thoughts, some striking imagery, and a deal of melody. Some of the lyrics in the seventh canto are noticeable for their elegance and sweetness, and had we space we would gladly quote several. Mr. Fosbroke has the art of telling a story in a clear and straightforward manner, so that we experience no bewilderment in grasping his meaning. And there is a pleasure experienced at the same time in marking the strength and beauty of some of the images; and the truth of many descriptive passages.

IV OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON "RHEINGOLD."

The versification is that of a skilful hand ; and it flows on in a stately and imposing manner. Mr. Fosbroke has, therefore, more than ordinary claims on the attention of the lovers of good poetry, because he exhibits few traces of immaturity, and because he is musical, thoughtful, and intelligent. The prologue, setting forth the romantic story of the White Fawn, mentioned above, is pleasing and often remarkable for the proofs it contains of concentrated power, for we find a good and complete idea compressed and perfected in two or three lines. The consecutiveness of the piece is so close that we are prevented from making a complete extract to indicate the ease and freedom of the lines. We are pleased to recognise Mr. Fosbroke as an ingenious and eloquent poet, whose volume deserves to be widely read on account of the general excellence of its stories and its many charming sentiments."

From "The Civil Service Gazette."

"We believe that a considerable interest will be taken in Mr. Fosbroke's future efforts. There are plenty of signs in this volume that he has lifted himself far above that dreary region which is occupied by the ordinary versifier. Take for instance the following 'Song of the Mermaids.' . . . There is in this the true lyrical cry. In this and other instances it is sufficiently apparent that Mr. Fosbroke possesses imaginative power, and that an exalted tone of thought is common to him. The following description of a remote mountain-lake is very truthfully rendered, and we seem to hear the low monotonous wash of waves on a solitary shore. . . . We regret that we cannot afford space to call attention to some of the other passages. We must not forget to give a word of praise to the short Legend at the end of the volume, "The Bridal of Fortinbray."

From "The Court Express," August 31st, 1872.

"Thus the Prologue, which subject is ably and gracefully worked out in the Legend that follows. There is a grace, brightness, and good taste about Mr. Fosbroke's poetry, which leaves a very satisfactory impression upon the mind of the reader."

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